

SECRET JOURNAL

OF

A Self-Observer;

OR,

CONFESSIONS AND FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF THE

Rev. J. C. LAVATER,

AUTHOR OF THE

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOGNOMY, THE APHORISMS ON
MAN, VIEWS OF ETERNITY, &c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN ORIGINAL,

By the Rev. PETER WILL,

MINISTER OF THE REFORMED GERMAN CHAPEL IN THE SAVOY.

VOL. II.

The large Indictment stands before my View,
Drawn forth by Conscience, most amazing true;
And fill'd with Secrets hid from human Eye,
When, foolish Man! thy God stood witness by.
Then, oh, thou Majesty divinely great,
Accept the sad Confessions I repeat;
For thine's the contrite Spirit, thine's an Heart
Oppressed with Sorrow, broke with inward Smart;
That at thy Foot-stool in Confession shows
How well its faults, how well the Judge it knows.

PARNELL.

London:

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TO MR. CADELL), IN THE STRAND.

1795.

SECRET JOURNAL

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

CONTENTS AND INDEX

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

IN TWO VOLUMES

43.

8. 8.

144.



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1801

LETTER

FROM THE

AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR

OF THE

SELF-OBSERVER.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOU may easily conceive what must be the feelings of a man who receives by the post, without a letter or any other previous notice, a book bearing the extraordinary title, *Secret Journal of a Self-Observer*; and which reminds him, almost in every page, of his own situations, actions, and sentiments, which he thought to be known to no person but himself; a book that contains an important

part of his private history, divided in many various divisions transplaced, altered, and shaped in different forms, and thus offered to the eye of the public.

I read, turned the leaves over, wanted to read, and turned them over again and again; smiled, blushed; was pleased, ashamed, and did not know what to say, and what not to say and, nevertheless, I can assure you, that I could not be angry, for a moment, with the Editor. I could not but admire so much discretion, so much judgement of choice, so much nicety in the transformation of the same moral and immoral dispositions.

I hoped to remain concealed, and, at the same time, that this book would be very useful. I communicated the matter to several of my friends whom I suspected to have had a hand in it, and given you my manuscript, or rather the manuscript of the printed Journal. They smiled, were rejoiced; pretended to know nothing of the matter; took the book, read; smiled again, and spoke of nothing but of the Editor's discretion—and I could not divine with certainty the good-natured traitor.

I have,

I have, however, been so happy to receive your letter, which gave me sufficient information, and, at the same time, provided me with a satisfactory justification against all those who suspected me to be the immediate Editor and the sole genuine Author of the Journal.

You may easily conceive that I have been obliged, ever since, to hear multifarious, unexpected, and contradictory criticisms. The book contains, indeed, still a sufficient number of passages which made me known as the author of it, at least in our country: however, the rest of the performance puzzled many of its readers very much, and some passages appeared to them not at all applicable to me.

The opinions of the German public were not less different than those of my countrymen. Men of the world, philosophers, divines, pious people, ----- enemies and friends, appeared (as I fancy) to have missed the proper point of criticism, by criticising rather the supposed *Author* than his *Journal*, the *Observer* than the *Observations*.

Indeed, if the friend who has communicated the Journal to you, had possessed sufficient knowledge of the world, the public certainly would never have seen this book in any shape or form whatever.

However, it cannot be retrieved now; and all those that have had a share in the composition and publication of this book are so strongly convinced of its utility, that even the most disadvantageous criticisms of the public, that is to say, of some who are very anxious rather to be *men of letters than human beings*, rather to *appear to be Philosophers* than to be *Christians*, will have very little weight with them. It cannot be unknown to you, my dear friend, that very few readers have read and criticised this performance as *a history of observations*. Some have looked upon and valued it as a *precept*, as *a pattern*, as *moral instructions shaped in the form of a history*; some as *the character of a moral man*, submitted to the examination of the public; and some as a *libel on Christianity*; and I have neither seen nor heard of a critic who has reviewed it as *an observer*. I cannot but confess, that this caused me some uneasiness,

easiness, and that I have been strongly tempted, several times, not to comply with the desire of my friends, who wish me to publish a second volume. I am, at the same time, very much inclined to unbosom my heart to you with respect to the miserable misconceptions of our modern critics, who render their criticisms so intolerably shallow, by missing the *point of view* in which the works which are submitted to their judgement ought to be regarded. Among a *thousand* readers you will scarcely find *ten*, and among a *hundred* public critics scarcely *one*, who will take the trouble to find out the author's *scope*, never to lose sight of it, and, first of all, will criticize his aim, and the design of his performance, and then the book itself, its contents, language, &c. &c. &c. always paying the strictest regard to that design and aim. — However, I shall tell you my mind on that subject more at large, at some other opportunity. A few hints are sufficient for the *wise*.

Many readers of the Journal have found fault with the Editor, because he has said, in the Preface,

that it is *genuine, original, and not interpolated with spurious additions*—although I have declared, in a letter to Mr. Reich, which is prefixed to the second edition, “that the Editor has thought it convenient
“to make alterations, translocations, and additions,
“which intitle me to deny it to be a production of
“my pen; that, as far as I can recollect, my hair
“has never been dressed by a hair-dresser; nor that
“I ever have rode in a sledge; that I understand
“as little of dancing as of musick,” &c. &c. &c.

Many have deemed this very contradictory, and for that reason decried the book. In order to exculpate you, my dearest friend, I declare publicly, that you have wrote the *truth*, although I shall not retract a single word of my assertion, which is contained in my letter to Mr. Reich. You have added nothing to the manuscript *which has been given to you*, nor have you interpolated or altered the least thing, except the correction of some grammatical errors, the alteration of the stile, and the judicious omission of some passages. All additions, interpolations, or rather transpositions and transformations, must,

must, of course, be ascribed solely to that dear friend who has communicated the manuscript to you in the shape in which it was printed. And ought that friend to be blamed for the alterations he has made? - - - - For my part, I do not think so, if I place myself in his point of view.

First of all, he has not *imputed* to me a single virtue, vice, or sentiment, which he has not found recorded in my manuscript, in some shape or other. For instance, I do, indeed, possess no knowledge of music; and the passage which alludes to such a knowledge is entirely *his* work—an incident that has occurred in *his* life—Let us, however, suppose that what has happened to *him* at the harpsichord had happened to *me* on reading a collection of poems on various subjects, and I had transformed my observations into the shape of *his*, could that then be called imprudent, misrepresented, indiscreet, or a *fiction*?

I have never *rode in a sledge* (not because I think it *absolutely* a sin, like many readers who are more intimately connected with me, crossed themselves

at

at it, and scarcely could forgive me, believing that I had really done so), but could not the dear friend who communicated the manuscript to you reprehend similar vanities under the disguise of the above-mentioned incident, in order to conceal his friend from a public that so frequently is indiscreet?

Secondly, let us suppose, this friend had designed to *teach* the Christian public how to make observations upon themselves, and to give them instructions to that end; that he had intended to throw out hints, important to many, with regard to the better knowledge of their heart; and, at the same time, to add many instructive remarks?—Suppose he had, influenced by this *laudable* view, composed a collection of real and imaginary situations, and shaped it into the interesting form of a *Journal*? and, in order to attain his aim with less difficulty, introduced trifling, uninteresting circumstances, which had imparted to the work an additional appearance of truth; and, for the same reason, published it through the medium of a second person, who, without telling a *lie*, could assure the public

public that the Journal was *genuine*?—Nay, let us suppose (the worst that can be said, which, however, this friend will not grant), let us suppose he had acted thus, should he then have deserved praise or blame, applause or scorn?—Or should he rather have exposed himself to the torturing questions of an enlightened, tasteful, nice, and sentimental public—of the self-created tribunal of the reading public, and the Reviewers, those ruthless inquisitors, who would have teased him with the tormenting interrogations; Who is the Author? Who the Editor? Is the Journal genuine, or not? What is interpolated, and what not?—Could he expect that so many excellent and just men would declare the whole work of no value, if not genuine, if fictitious?—This he might, indeed, have expected, if he had intended to lay before the public the history of some *known* individual, in order to enable the public to criticise that man, and to value his character. Could not the book (although it were *thoroughly* fictitious), nevertheless, be very useful, at

least

least as useful as many moral romances are deemed to be? --- Would not many a reader, on perusing several passages, have been impelled to say, Here I behold my own picture! here I am drawn to the life!—this is a fault, this a sentiment, of mine;—here I read plainly, and in an instructive manner, what I am frequently so sensible of, though I am so unwilling to confess it.

I cannot but confess, that the above-mentioned censures have rather vexed me; and I can assure you, that the gentleman who communicated the manuscript to you is too sincere and upright than that he could have apprehended these or similar censures. But, I declare once more, that he is not at all in that predicament!—*No moral nor immoral sentiments, stated in the Journal, are fictitious*; although a great deal of the external *history*, and of the *form*, is fictitious, or altered and transposed.

And what shall I say to the numerous animadversions on the austerity, the over-severe rigour, the anxiousness, fanaticism, &c. &c. &c. which are said to prevail in this Journal?

Indeed,

Indeed, my friend, I am almost sick of writing for a public that first must be told that a book which has been published under the title of *The Self-Observer* contains *observations*; whose reviewers first must be told that it contains mere *observations*, and that *observations* are not *precepts*, *rules*, nor *principles*, for all persons, nor *examples* liable to no exceptions! And suppose the character, the actions, and the sentiments, of the Observer could really be charged with *austerity*, *over-severe rigour*, and *anxiousness*, would he not have experienced the bad or good consequences arising therefrom? He would either have improved in, or declined from Christianity, faith in that God who has been revealed through Christ, and love to his fellow-creatures.—His Journal would have evinced this as clearly as possible, and the Editor would not have neglected to lay faithfully before the public all good and bad consequences of his principles, and mode of life—And would this not have proved far more useful than if only a blameless ideal had been introduced

to

to the reader?—Who can be so short-sighted as not to see how infinitely important it is to observe the course and the deviations of a soul not entirely disingenuous—and her return, if she has taken a wrong course? Who can be so short-sighted not to see equally plainly, that such a character is infinitely more acceptable to a sensible reader, than an ideal, a paragon of perfection, which can exist no where? I am, however, far from granting that the main point, the *essence of the moral* of the Observer, is over-strained and fanatical.—But I shall not explain myself, at present, more at large as to this point, intending to do it at some other opportunity, when I, please God, shall be so explicit, that every impartial man will be capable to judge whether I demand too much, or too little, from men and from myself. At present, I shall say only thus much concerning this point:—The gospel contains no commandment, no precept, which, according to its essence, is not written on the hearts of all men; nay, the human heart is even far greater, far more expanded

expanded and sublime, than the most rigorous letter of the gospel (a). The gospel conveys nothing into our heart, as a faithful explanator interpolates nothing into the text. It is to rouse only what is in the heart. The gospel demands, through sounds, and letters, and luminous examples, what our heart demands through desires and feelings. The gospel is only the commentary on our heart. God and man are always the text. All letters are nothing but explanation; nay, they are only image, copy, delineation, sketch. On this head, my friend, I wish to impart to you, one time, my thoughts more at large. - - - - -

But what is to be done with respect to the continuation of the Journal? - - - A difficult task, indeed! - - - - You might have published one volume more, if the public had not guessed at the author.

(a) This passage has been literally translated. If the English reader does not understand it entirely, he will be in the same predicament with the Translator.

But

But now the public demands undisguised truth, and fragments will not do! Yet something must be published—because the Editor has made a kind of *promise*. - - - Besides, I have received numerous applications for the performance of that promise; the most respectable men seem to wish for a continuation—but how difficult is it, *now*, to comply with their desire! I am very sensible of all the reasons that ought to deter me from doing it. It has been said by a number of people, who may be above all suspicion of being ruled by mean passions in their opinion, “Wherefore is the most special
“private history of an individual to be intruded
“upon half the world? How important must La-
“vater appear to himself, if he presumes to tell
“half the world at what hour he rises, goes to bed,
“Sec. &c. &c.? Can he be astonished—and how
“little knowledge of the world must he possess, if
“he is?—Can he be astonished when this is deemed
“the highest degree of impertinence, and when it
“is looked upon as the most glaring proof of his
“vanity and conceit? If he has a right to give an
“air

“air of importance to his person, and his most
“trifling occupations, then any other person has
“the same right,—and if this right is common to
“all, and every private man should take it in his
“head to intrude his Journal upon us, what then
“will be the consequence? What are we to think
“of such a familiarity with the public?”

—This, my friend, will, undoubtedly, be said;
and what can we reply, if we resolve to comply
with the wishes of so many other persons? How
can you set me at ease with respect to that point?
What will you tell the public, in that volume, in
my defence?

I could say a great deal on that head;—however,
I rather wish I had less motives, were less necessi-
tated to publish some fragments of my genuine,
real, *present* Journal! You are at full liberty to say
whatever you think best; I shall say only thus
much:

I have not yet found that man who has so little
of the human nature, that I should think him un-
worthy to read to him what I, at present, am going

to venture to lay before the public, if you approve of it, or to let him peruse it at home, if I should think that it would afford him pleasure, and be profitable to him. May I now not expect that the readers of my Journal, in general, are not the worst people I know? *Will be the consequence?*

I wish, farther, that all those who find the above mentioned plausible language natural and reasonable, would have the goodness and equity to imagine themselves in my place and situation. -- -- -- Was I not necessitated to tell my mind on what has happened, and to defend myself against some erroneous comments which have been made? because many persons believe me to be the Author and Editor of the first volume; and so many judgements, judgements of great influence with regard to the work and its author, or rather my character, have been framed? Could I remain silent after some have been offended at my -- -- -- and some at my having reproached myself for it? And what would you say, if my principles (though, at bottom, the same) had been more purified and fixed in the application,

application, if my ideas had been rendered more distinct, so that I could remove all misunderstanding caused by the Journal which has been published by you, by a candid communication of some Unselected Fragments of my genuine Journal, which I have composed without paying any regard to the public, and thus should retract whatever has been erroneously stated; would this not sufficiently apologize for me?

I do not believe that I am grown worse, though I act with more discernment, and less restraint ---

I do not think that my principles are less evangelical, though I am grown easier concerning my occupations, my foibles, and errors; I do not mean, more *careless*—but *easier*; that is, less *servile* and *anxious*. I must, however, not forget to add, that

if I can contribute something to render the prevailing unnatural estrangement of men from men, and the mutual air of indifference about their reciprocal happiness which they are wont to assume, ridiculous, and to promote fraternal, confidential,

and sincere communion between men and men, and a mutual interest in the domestic and moral concerns of our fellow-creatures; if I can contribute something to establish the idea that authors and readers are *men*, and connected by the *strongest ties*;—and if the publication of this book (which properly ought not to be accounted a literary work) promotes this purpose, I can console myself in this respect for many misinterpretations.—As for the rest, every one has, indeed, the same right I have; and although I may predict, with much probability, that not every one will make use of that right, yet I must observe, that I should think myself very much obliged to every person who would communicate to me such a *genuine* history of his life, and his heart, interspersed with so many trifling incidents, and enriched with such an accurate account of bad, good, and indifferent actions and sentiments. I should prefer the reading of such a book to the perusal of any one else, the Bible excepted.—Do not all philosophical historians complain that, as yet,

yet, the history of man has afforded so little moral advantage, because one knows so very little of their private history, and the detail of their life?

I leave it to you to refute the objection, that the most minute trifles ought not to have been published, which has escaped some of the wisest men; and the author, or the editor, of a journal ought to publish only an account of sins and virtues? --- Has not every picture a ground?—and many medicines require a vessel to be put in, or a vehicle.—*Water* has no taste, nor does it nourish; it is, however, a vehicle for many sorts of nourishment --- I could make a great many more remarks on that head; you will, however, do me a favour if you do it in my place.

Sending you some Fragments of my real, unaltered Journal, which has not been revised by a friend, I have left all remarks, observations, and conversations, in the same state in which I set them down, more at large, or shorter, according to my inclination and leisure --- I give you full liberty to do whatever you like with what is not *observation*

on myself, of which no more must be communicated to the public than the Editor of the first volume has done, who has confined himself more to mere moral situations. You may leave out whatever you think not useful, or fit for communication. I think, however, that *variety* ought to have some value, as a subordinate mean leading to a *good purpose*. Yet you may do whatever you like; I shall, certainly, not find fault with you. Yes, I leave this work, or rather these Fragments of a work, which I have composed merely for my and my children's immediate use, and perhaps for that of some very intimate friends, entirely at your mercy.——If you find that the benefit arising from the publication of this Journal will overbalance the harm it may do; if you find that all the censures and inconveniences its publication may occasion cannot be compared with the advantage many readers may probably reap from it; then you may publish it without the least alteration of the *moral* text; and, if you chuse, add explanatory, warning, and instructing annotations: but if you should find the
contrary,

contrary, then you will have the goodness to return me the manuscript; and I shall tell the public, in some future edition of the first volume, that the Editor has committed no act of dishonesty, and that what he has said is not so very inconsistent with what I have wrote to Mr. Reich. If you do not publish it, I shall be easy and content, and in many respects very glad, because I shall not be exposed to public censure. If you, however, should think it fit for publication, then I will arm myself against all misinterpretations, disagreeable criticisms, and the more pungent reproaches of my little modesty, by thinking with some sensible readers, "that I never have wrote, nor ever shall write, a book more useful than such a Journal;" and I shall find consolation in the firm persuasion, that I have not been influenced by vanity; and that, if ever I have published a book with the purest view of affording pleasure, and being useful to my fellow-creatures, it is my Journal.

I can, at the same time, solemnly declare, that I sincerely wish not a word might be said to my

xxiv LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR, &c.

praise on the present occasion, and that whatever
deserves censure might be criticised without mercy.
Farewell, my friend; and do, at least, not despise
me, when you perceive so many faults in my con-
duct.

that what he has said is not to very incommen-
surably. If you do

will publish it, I shall be very glad, and con-
sidered.

June 19, 1773.

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praise

THE
EDITOR'S ANSWER

TO

MR. LAVATER.

No! my dearest friend, I am not so unjust that I should sentence to oblivion a work like your Journal. I know that many sincere Christians wish for its continuation, and I have every reason to hope that (with the blessing of God) it will prove extremely useful, and that the utility of your performance will greatly overbalance all accidental harm that may arise from the misapplication of some passages that are liable to be misconstrued.

I must, indeed, confess, that this continuation cannot be quite so useful as the first volume must have been. The chief aim of the latter was to ex-

been

cite

cite Christian readers to reflect on themselves, to observe and to examine faithfully their sentiments and conduct, and to teach them, by examples, how to proceed in that business, and to which points to direct their chief attention. The most material point that was to be considered, was not the historical part of the book, but its fitness for the attainment of that aim. This has been acknowledged by many of your readers, philosophers and non-philosophers, Christians and non-Christians; and they would, merely for that reason, have pronounced your book a useful performance, though its contents should have been less interesting and good. This chief aim could, indeed, have been attained without the continuation; but why should you not gratify the desire of so many of your readers who wish for its continuation, since it is in your power to do it? Why should you not improve the opportunity that offers itself to vindicate yourself and the Editor, to remove a very plausible contradiction between our mutual declarations, to refute the reproach of over-strained anxiousness, which has
been

been imputed to you, and to obviate the bad consequences which may arise from that charge, by convincing the world that you really possess a greater share of cheerfulness and easiness with respect to whatever relates to Religion and Christianity?

This imputation could, indeed, never have been started against the book itself, which (as you justly observe) is neither *precept* nor *pattern*, but *observation*; however, observations and experiences of a man who enjoys some degree of esteem, may easily be mistaken for, or misapplied as, precepts or patterns. It affords me, therefore, additional satisfaction, that you yourself have cautioned your readers against that over-strained anxiousness, and, in many instances, have displayed an easy and serene mind, and a free manner of thinking, with respect to religious matters. It has, at the same time, given me a great deal of pleasure, that you so repeatedly declare against fanaticism, and have displayed so many uncontrovertible proofs of your being no fanatic. A sensible heart, and a lively active zeal for what-

ever

ever is good, ought certainly not to be confounded with fanaticism, though they may easily lead to it.

Many readers will, perhaps, find passages in this book where you *seem* to overstep these limits; I have, however, great reason to hope, that the conciseness of your style, and the obscurity which inevitably must arise therefrom, will prompt every candid reader to plead in your behalf. The more you accustom yourself to arrange your ideas properly (and that you certainly can do, because you have attempted it already frequently with success), the more you endeavour to *instruct* your readers in a plain and explicit manner, the more you will ward off all suspicion of fanaticism.

As for the rest, I have found nothing in your book that could offend, or appear ridiculous to, readers who do not require absolutely that an author should think, feel, and express himself, on every occasion, according to their own notions and pleasure. Much less reason have I to apprehend, that your countrymen and fellow-citizens, who, undoubtedly,

edly, will prefer plain sense to wit, and serious tranquil meditation to jocularly, will have the least objection to the continuation of your Journal, or make its contents and their author objects of a ridicule equally unfounded and offensive. If the language of the Journal be not always the same, the reasonable reader will not be offended at this *variety*, the latter being something very natural and unavoidable in the life of even the wisest and most pious man.—If in some letters a free and dictatorial language occurs, it must be considered that these letters have been written to *intimate* friends, who cannot but be pleased with that language.—If, finally, sentiments or maxims occur which some readers esteem erroneous, or unstable, it must be understood that they are forced upon nobody, give an opportunity for reflection, and serve to improve us in fraternal forbearance, which is one of the chief duties of a Christian.

In short, since I am desired to tell my mind frankly, I must declare, that I think the publication of this book will be very useful. Although it cannot

cannot be a book of edification, like *the first volume*, because nothing is selected or altered, it will nevertheless promote piety; and the *reflecting* reader will, at the same time, be enabled, by this *genuine* and *faithful* Journal, to solve many apparent contradictions of your manner of thinking, your character, and your writings, and see how he has been mistaken in many respects in the judgement he has formed of you.

This may be said even of some reviewers of your book. You are right, my dearest friend, when you say that some of them have missed the proper point of view in which they ought to have examined it. At least what they charge on you, and our friend who has communicated the manuscript to me, as the principal defect of the book, namely, that one cannot exactly distinguish what is your own observation and history, and what not, is, in my opinion, a real advantage which the first volume has over the second. This pretended defect has introduced more variety into the work; and of what concern can it be to the reader, whose object

is

is instruction and edification, whether, for instance, I have displayed my vanity on riding in a sledge, or in a conversation on a book, if only the observation be true, and the remarks I make on that occasion just and instructive?

It will now be proper that I should account to you, and to the public, for the liberty I have taken with the second volume. You have, indeed, left a great deal to my discretion; more than I, perhaps, should have accepted of any other author. I can flatter myself that I have taken the greatest care not to make an improper use of the liberty you have given me; but whether I always have made the *best* use of it, this is a question which you and your readers must decide.

I have omitted many unimportant, historical incidents which were not connected with your moral observations. Not because I have deemed them absolutely improper for publication, but because they did not promise to be interesting to all, nor to most of your readers, though some of them have afforded me great pleasure. Some occurred

too frequently, and would, therefore, have been tiresome to many; others required a simplicity of manners, vestiges of which can be traced only in few civilized countries; and others were really unimportant, and could be interesting to no one but the author and his family. Most of your readers, perhaps, will think that I ought to have omitted a great many more incidents of that sort. Sometimes I have done it merely for the sake of connection, sometimes for the sake of variety, sometimes out of conscientiousness, because I should, otherwise, have been obliged to substitute something else, and neither would nor durst alter any thing of the text, grammatical errors excepted.

It is, indeed, a particular pleasure to accompany, all the day long, a man whom we esteem, and who signalises himself by many pre-eminent qualities and merits, and to be an unseen witness even of his most trifling and unimportant actions. If we, however, have enjoyed this pleasure repeatedly, we are, afterwards, satisfied with learning only his most remarkable sentiments and actions, and prefer to represent

represent to our mind the trifling, unimportant incidents which occur every day, to a repeated and minute recapitulation of the same. He who, like you, my dear friend, writes a Journal for his own use, can, indeed, reap some benefit even from the insertion of such trifling incidents. He can, for instance, sum up, at the end of every week, or month, the hours which have been taken up with this or that sort of occupation, how much time he has spent in rest and in occupation, in solitude and in company, in joy or grief, in his own or in foreign affairs, in a good or a bad state of mind, in selfish or public-spirited views; how much time he has lost through negligence, or gained through diligence and regularity, &c. &c. &c. The situation of every individual reader differs, however, too much from the situation of the author, than that he could draw the same benefit from such minute accounts which the author can reap. It is sufficient for him to be instructed, by a few examples, how to go about this business, and what requires his

particular attention, if he will make such moral accounts.

As for my remarks, you will be so kind to view them in the light of well-meant, but, perhaps, not always well-executed additions, which are intended to render your book more useful. I have not made these remarks for you, but for your readers; for with you I can converse, by means of letters, on subjects of which we, perhaps, have different opinions, yet without detriment to our friendship and fraternal love. Should I, perhaps, not always have rightly comprehended your ideas, or gone too far in my apprehension that some passages might not be properly understood, or misapplied, then I beg you will believe that I have been prompted to it by the idea of the numerous class of your readers who will read your book with more pious and good sentiments than clear and just notions. I have paid particular attention to readers of this class, and endeavoured to guard them against all misinterpretation or misapplication.—Being a natural enemy

to all polemical language, I have found it so much the less difficult to steer clear of it; and when I appear to contradict, I have generally endeavoured to contradict, not the maxim contained in the text, but the false conclusions which might be derived therefrom.

I need not to say any thing farther in my defence. No! you would have reason to be offended, if I were to apologize to you for the use I have made of the liberty you have given me.

May God protect and assist you with his powerful aid! May he grant you the blessing of succeeding in your endeavours to promote Christian piety, and the happiness of human kind!

I am,

With the sincerest regard and love,

Your faithful friend,

THE EDITOR.

JOUR-

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The Editor.

Yours,

JOURNAL

A SELF-OBSERVER.**UNSELECTED FRAGMENTS**

FROM MY

JOURNAL.

If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10(a), 1772.

BEING at tea with my wife, I complained of the great extent of my business, and consulted with her on the limitation of my correspondence—I took the resolution not to

(a) I had neglected, for a considerable time, to continue this Journal.

VOL. II.

B

enter

enter into any new one, if not necessitated to do it, except with a gentleman with whom I am not yet acquainted—I said to myself, I must make him my friend, if it please God; I cannot do without him; my heart has panted for him more ardently than I dared to say. Ten times was I going to write to him; but not knowing the place of his abode, and having received no answer to a letter which I had written four years ago, and chiefly because I thought it intruding to trouble such a man without having a particular reason, I omitted it—And this gentleman is Mr. N***.

A friend came to see me, because I was not quite well—We conversed on many good subjects; I am, however, not at leisure to write our conversation down.—Leonard brought me a letter from the post—An unknown hand—“Again a letter from a stranger!”—said I, coolly, to my friend—“and
“this

“this very evening I have taken a resolution
 “not to begin a new correspondence with-
 “out necessity.” I unsealed it—looked at
 the signature—and exclaimed twice: “From
 “Mr. N***!—O! my good, good God! is
 “it possible?” I wanted to read it, but
 could not—I related, stammered, and laid
 the letter aside.—“O! thou paternal,
 “friendly, tender Providence of my God!
 “thou hast granted the most secret wishes
 “of my heart before I have uttered them!”

I went to bed; read the letter, and trem-
 bled with the desire to tell P*** of it—but
 he did not come. I wrote—no answer to
 N***—but only a sheet filled with expres-
 sions of the tenderest friendship—only the
 effusions of my joy (*b*)—Here follow some
 passages of his letter:

(*b*) I insert a few passages from this Letter, which I
 think so instructive, that it would be injustice and ingra-

"I cannot deny that a certain frigid,
 " nerveless tone has mixed itself with Chris-
 " tianity, as well as with many other objects;
 " and that moral (particularly according to
 " some English theological philosophers) is
 " become a certain sound, external policy,
 " and an empty internal tranquillity, in a
 " higher degree than it ought to be; I will
 " not say according to the spirit of religion,
 " but only according to the condition and
 " the wants of human kind, who, certainly,
 " are not a frigid abstract, but a body com-
 " posed of numberless operative powers.
 " Even with your friend N*** is this the
 " original sin of all his writings, by which
 " he does so much mischief, though invo-
 " luntarily. Should we, perhaps, not be

titude towards the Providence of my God, if—*vanity*
 should prevent me from communicating them to the
 public. L.

" sensible

“ sensible of this fault which we so fre-
 “ quently commit?—But let us discuss this
 “ point at some other opportunity, and exa-
 “ mine the chief end of your book; at the
 “ same time let me beg of you (not the
 “ liberty on my part, for that you must al-
 “ low me, but) on your part that self-denial,
 “ that resignation, without which you, as I
 “ find in many passages of your performance,
 “ look upon every thing as spoken *against*
 “ *yourself*. This is not right, although you
 “ may reply with ever so much modera-
 “ tion.—It is evident (for instance, from
 “ the preface to the second (c) volume), that

(c) Mr. N*** alludes to Mr. Lavater's *Views of Eter-*
nity, a book of very great value, though replete with
 many eccentric notions. The translator has attempted
 an English version of this work, and means to offer it to
 the public, if it receives the sanction of some of his
 learned friends, to whose examination he intends pre-
 viously to submit it.

“you always speak of eternity, as if it were
“your *own work*, and not that of God. In
“the second volume you have already been
“frequently misled by expatiating too long
“on that sort of occupation; one sees clearly
“that you are no longer an observer and
“contemplator of divine mysteries, but an
“arbitrary architect of your own, and, fre-
“quently, very trifling, indifferent, and
“unimportant ideas; you rejoice at the
“scaffolding which does not belong to the
“building. Dear Lavater, this is already a
“real state of *punishment*, is *self-will*; and you
“know what the consequences are, if one
“has been drawn into it. Eternity is a great,
“nay, the greatest concern of God, which
“we, dearest Lavater, cannot honor better
“than if we contemplate it with all resigna-
“tion of self-invention, and of course keep
“in certain bounds, and, in proper time,
“cast

"cast down our eyes, and restrain our thirst of
 "knowledge. This is practical adoration,
 "and of far greater value than words,
 "What can God perform in me, in the smallest
 "world? what in all worlds? and what can
 "Lavater guess?
 "You see what a great deal of your book
 "must be melted down, particularly in the
 "second volume, in which your theories are
 "nothing else but the workmanship of a
 "mole, and *childish* reasoning.
 "Time and paper bid me to finish my letter,
 "and I have not yet said what I wanted to
 "say. . . . If we but agree with respect to
 "the point of view in which every thing
 "must centre, in order to rouse here the
 "future angel in us, and to teach us to sa-
 "crifice, with entire resignation, every other
 "object to God alone".

I confess before God that this letter, although very humiliating, nay, even those few passages which I think erroneous, have not excited in me the least, not the most secret anger, and that I have sincerely thanked God for this very instructive letter.—Nothing can humble me more, nothing affords me more moral energy and greatness, nothing can elate me more, than such tender proofs of the *divine Goodness* to me.

Ought I not to have transcribed this?—O! that I were more at leisure to set down in my Journal much, very much of what God does for me! how frequently should I afterwards be astonished and adore! An additional reason for continuing my Journal, which I have neglected a great while!

LET-

LETTER to Mrs. B***.

IS it possible, my dear Mrs. B. (I say this by way of reply to your letter to our dear Mrs. H.) that you could be so much wanting in faith, although particularly favoured by Providence?

What shall I say to you?—Should you be the only human being whom God should visit without having a paternal view in doing so? Should he punish *all* his creatures with *tendernefs*, and pursue—only *you* with *unrelenting ire*?

The *goodnefs* of God has given you a child according to the laws of nature, and not the same *goodnefs* of God should have taken it from you, according to the same laws?

If you would but begin to sum up the *real* and *undeniable* proofs of God's mercy which

which you experience every day, and have experienced so particularly this day ; would then the small portion of *seeming* evil, mixed with them, be able to extinguish every spark of faith which can repose on many thousand proofs?

It would be short-sightedness, bashfulness, and self-willed obstinacy against God—if you would seriously maintain that you should be more content and happy if your child were still alive——Certainly you would not—else your child would not be dead.—Ask all suffering parents whether children who *share* their *sufferings* are a comfort or a burden?

O! my dear, good Mrs. B.! believe me, God is a better friend to you—loves you more tenderly than Mrs. Sch**, and better than a mortal can love a mortal, better than any one can cherish the darling of his heart.

LAVATER.

Nov. 12, 1772.

To Mr. HASENCAMP.

Nov. 14, 1772.

Is Hasencamp still alive? Is he still my friend?—These questions I have, frequently, put to myself—A printed preface told me: Yes!—I thank you, my brother, for that preface! I am just beginning to read Oettinger's work on the High-priesthood of Christ (for I received it but to-day), and will examine it fairly—It strikes me, however, that the Spirit of conviction which was in Christ and in St. Paul is not in him. His lofty ideas force their way through every thing, or rather fall foul on every thing. Has this been the method of Jesus Christ? He brought to light what already existed, built always upon it what sound reason and conscience

conscience would allow ; combined the new doctrines with the old ones, and showed the analogy of the former with the latter.

I have, nevertheless, found in Oettinger's book great ideas, which, lately, I have partly detected myself, assisted by the light of God. But this is not meant to be a critique.

The third volume of *my Views of Eternity* has been sent to Duisburg, and there awaits its sentence from the honest, unbiassed, and enlightened Hasencamp.

I am not quite well. P***, the darling of my heart, is with me, and greets our brother.

LAVATER.

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, NOV. 15, 1772.

I HAVE (thanks to thee, my good father in heaven!) had a good and easy night, and my cough has not troubled me in the least.

I awoke before six o'clock, and began to admire my life, the Providence of God, my origin and death, and my future destiny.— I prayed aloud, and silently, with great emotion.

It was eight o'clock when I got up; my cough was violent, and stunned my head. The bells were just ringing for church. It was something new to me to be at home so lonely and so still, during the ringing of the bells; and every new unusual situation has a very sensible effect on my feelings—a sweet, soft melancholy trembled through my breast.

—Preacher and hearers passed the review
in

in my imagination—I myself made observations as preacher and hearer—was ashamed and—pleased. “So many useful things will be heard to-day! Many a thoughtless mind will be roused to reflection! How many hearts, eager to be edified, will be comforted!—How much wickedness would be occasioned, promoted, and propagated, if there were no public worship, no sermons! Why are we so indifferent to this blissful institution of Providence; why am I, as preacher, so insensible? why, as hearer, so callous, although I hear in the church which I frequent, in general, very useful sermons, which could produce such happy effects on my mind?”

The bells ceased ringing: I drank my herb tea, and walked half an hour with great tranquillity up and down my room. The company of my little son gave me great

great pleasure. My wife had been watching with her sick sister. I opened the new edition of the Bible published at Zurich, and read the 15th and 16th chapters of the first book of the Chronicles. How much did my love for David increase! how strongly did I feel the truth of his inspiration! *Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord! Seek the Lord and his strength; seek his face continually! Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice! Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof! Let the fields rejoice, and all that is therein! O! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever! O! how could I have pressed the anointed of God to my bosom, when he sat before the Lord, and spake: Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? And yet this was a small thing in thine eyes, O God! for thou hast*
also

also spoken of thy servant's house for a great while to come, and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree. O Lord God! what can David speak more to thee for the honour of thy servant? for thou knowest thy servant!

And what shall I say to thee, O Lord God! on this day? What hast thou done for me from my juvenile days to this hour! How much more hast thou blessed me than many thousands of my fellow-creatures! How great is the number even of thy most distinguished blessings! How much hast thou instructed me, how much enlightened and improved me, through friends and foes, through books and conversation; how much through thy gospel! How much more serene, unbiaſſed, and easy, am I now! It is true, my heart is not always, is not wholly thine! I seek thee, however, with more confidence
and

and more certainty of finding thee wholly !
How evidently hast thou heard my prayers
for knowledge and wisdom ! how much
more do I now see *thee* in *all* things ! how
much opener is my eye and my heart on
every, even on the most eternal changes of
things, to behold *thee*, to adore and to love
thee ! Although I am far distant from the
mark which I am to attain, and perceive
every day that other affections besides the
love of Christ and his beloved creatures are
active within me, creep in among my better
inclinations, and poison them ; although I
still have great reason to lament my almost
unconquerable indolence, alas ! particularly
with respect to prayers, yet I perceive, never-
theless, improvement in faith, in love, and
in hope, and find it every day less difficult
to submit to the omnipotent and best will
of Providence, to believe what I do not see,
and to love where I am not beloved.

O! how much do I rejoice at the true words of Jesus Christ: *Every branch in me that beareth fruit he purges, that it may bring forth more fruit.*

I am, however, in many points, not so good as my friends tell me—I am, certainly, not so kind, so modest, and so moderate! God knows, I do not contradict them out of an affected modesty; I know it; I feel it; I must confess it. I am ashamed, but will not be dispirited. God has supported me, as yet, more than I deserved; and he will continue to support me more than I ever shall deserve; will know how to accomplish, against the day of Jesus Christ, the good work he has begun in me.

The idea of being thought better, by others, than I really am, is insupportable to me. O! it is such a happiness to be really what one is believed to be; to be better in the eyes of God than one appears

to men; and I will and can not be easy, till I am thoroughly better in the eyes of God, than I appear to men. I will, however, never separate from that just and natural dissatisfaction with myself the faith in the future aid of God, the hope that I can arrive to that degree of perfection which God desires I shall attain.

O! if I could but pray more frequently and fervently!—O! my God! how many of thy children may fancy that I stand whole hours before thee (*d*) by day and by night—and, alas! this is but very seldom the case! I know, O! father, *one single* moment of

(*d*) To dedicate whole days to devotion, to meditation, reading, prayers, &c. &c. &c. is very good, and useful; but to spend whole hours in what is properly called praying, is, in most cases, neither possible nor advisable, if one shall not become guilty of vain repetitions, against which Jesus Christ cautions us, Matth. vi. v. 7. EDITOR.

filial faith is equal in value to a whole day of verbal prayers (e). My remissness and negligence in prayers is, however, the effect of indolence, weakness, aversion from thee, and want of knowledge of love, and of a lively sense of thy blissful amiableness.

How frequently and how long shall I be obliged to repeat this old complaint? How needful is it to me, to fix particular hours for the performance of it? because I always

(e) A good action, acceptable to God, useful to our brethren, and performed with a sincere heart, is also of much greater value than the longest verbal prayer which does not incite us to act, or, which is worse, prevents us from being useful to our fellow-creatures. Do not suffer thyself to be misled, my Christian brother! Prayers are only *means* of promoting piety and rectitude, but never must be confounded with them. He who fosters in his heart the sense of his dependance upon God, and, conforming to his situation and calling, performs the will of God cheerfully and willingly, because he knows that it is the will of God to do so, prays without intermission. T.

slide

slide over this most important, most natural, and blessed occupation, till, at night, I cannot resist sleep, overcome with weariness.

If God blesses me so much at present, how much more capable shall I render myself to be blessed by him, if I pray more repeatedly and continually (f)!

My little son interrupted me frequently by his questions; I was, at first, rather angry with him, but did not shew it, and answered him always; at length, he and myself were more satisfied.

I read, afterwards, in the Odes of Klopstock, and prayed with him: "O! let me

(f) Not only prayers, but also every lawful and faithful application of our abilities and faculties, of our gifts and possessions, render us capable of attaining a higher degree, and a greater measure, of the blessings of God. Prayer is not to raise us above human nature, but is intended to render us willing and able to perform the duties which are incumbent on us as men. EDITOR.

“live, that I may die *when I have attained*
“*the mark!* that I may not begin my great
“career beyond the grave; till I have sung
“triumphantly the hymn that proclaims thy
“glory! O! thou, my master, who hast
“taught the greatness of God with power
“divine, show me the path which thou hast
“trodden, whereupon the holy seers, the
“proclaimers of thy Majesty, sang rapturous
“songs! Show me the career whereupon,
“at the distant mark, the palm of victory
“is displayed; that my consecrated arm may
“take flames from the altar of God, and
“pour the blazing fire into the hearts of
“thy redeemed!”

I continued my Journal, played with my little girl, and then went to dinner. The servant came to look for my little son; we called him, searched every where, but could not find him. I was seized with anxiety,
evil “ and

and felt how reluctantly I should sacrifice him to the will of my heavenly father. I sent my servant out, and she found him with his mother in the *salt-house*, whither he went without his hat, because he could not find her at home, and had not seen her the whole evening, which he was not used to.

After dinner, I wrote to Frankfort, and resumed the Odes of Klopstock. I passed some of the Odes over, reading over and over again only those which were sublime with respect to the subject they were written upon: *To the Redeemer*; *To the Omnipresent*; *The Contemplation of God*; *Hymn on Spring*; *The Merciful*; *The World*; *The Stars*: I wish he had wrote no other Odes, but such (though even *these* Odes could bear some more new, bright ideas); none which paint with the greatest poetical sublimity, trifling, though innocent pleasures. I also do not like the

fashionable introduction and revival of the old German mythology, and the language of the ancient bards, although mere poetical ears may relish it ever so much. Such pieces will do very well for poetical exercise; they ought, however, not to be laid before the public, which is so fond of imitating, by an author whose great celebrity cannot but be seducing. It gave me great pleasure to observe that the imitation of the ancient battle-song, the drinking-song, and the love-air, are left out in this excellent collection, and, of course, as I hope, have been disapproved by the pious poet. They were, indeed, quite unwarrantable pieces, which, certainly, must frequently have made blush that great author, that confidant of the angels.

My wife came home, and lovingly deposited on my face her mother's and her sister's blessing, along with her own. We were
fitting

sitting for some time, hand in hand, without speaking much, the cough having fatigued me.—I read, during the evening service, the Epistle to the Ephesians. How abundant in sublime ideas, in great hints, and excellent instructions, is this epistle!—*God has chosen us before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.* How infinitely much do these words imply! What philosopher from East to West has ever spoken that language? Are there any where else to be found expressions, ideas, hints, and instructions, so important, and so abounding in hidden knowledge (g)? *To know what are the riches*
of

(g) Although the subsequent apostolical instructions and precepts are very true and excellent, and worthy of an instructor of human-kind, yet I must caution thee, Christian reader, against the erroneous idea, that the
 words

of the glory of God's inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us ward who believe—The church (the society of all those who have become good men through Christ) is the body of God, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. God, who is rich in

words of the Gospel signify whatever they CAN signify, or that every sentence of the Bible is an inexhaustible source of singular ideas and revelations in religious matters. This would be the surest means of rendering the Gospel a very obscure and mysterious book. If thou wilt understand the Holy Scripture, then do not ask, What meaning *may* be found, or can *I find*, in this sentence or passage? I rather would advise thee to ask, How *could* (for example) St. Paul, who was a learned *Jew*, how could the Ephesians, &c. &c. &c. the new-converted Christians from the Jews and Heathens, understand it? If thou, at the same time, art better instructed, then divest those passages which sound rather strange of the Hebrew garment they still wear in our translations. Thus thou wilt find (for example) that—to know what are the riches of the glory of God's inheritance in the saints—can have no other meaning, but—to know what great advantages Christians have over other people.

mercy,

mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, has quickened us together with Christ; and has raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places through Christ Jesus—that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards us through Christ Jesus—We are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God has before ordained, that we should walk in them.—Through him we both have access by one spirit unto the Father—We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God—We must be framed unto a holy temple in the Lord—Unto the principalities and powers in heaven should be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God.—We must be rooted and grounded in love, that we may be able to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that we might
be

be filled with all the fullness of God.—God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.—There is one body, one spirit, one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all; therefore we shall endeavour to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

We shall all come in the unity of knowledge unto a perfect man, up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—We shall be righteous, we shall husband the truth in love.—We shall be kind and merciful—forgive each other, as God has forgiven us for Christ's sake.—We shall be followers of God, as dear children, walk in love; sacrifice ourselves one for another to God, as the Son of God has sacrificed himself for us. We shall be a light of God—understanding what the will of the Lord is—and full of his spirit, be useful and give pleasure to

one another, giving thanks alway for all to God; shall submit ourselves to one another in the fear of God. We shall love our wives and husbands, as the Son of God loveth men, who are of his flesh and of his bones. All in sincerity of heart, as if done to the Son of God.—We shall always look up unto the Lord of heaven, with whom there is no respect of persons.

O! my heart! how could'st thou ever read these passages, these expressions, without being sensible, that this is the language of the most sublime truth; the voice of him whose work thou art, and whom thou never canst perceive more sweetly and happily, than when thou, in loving thy brethren and sisters sincerely and disinterestedly, lovest him who gives life unto every thing—Every one that is of the truth heareth, understandeth, and followeth the voice of God. I wrote an ode, intituled, *My Existence*; then continued my

Journal,

Journal, remained some time longer in private, and afterwards sat a few minutes with my mother. I was called away; read some tender and kind congratulations which quite made me blush, and returned an answer nearly in these words: "O! ye loving and
"beloved friends, you are too kind! I dare
"not accept your kindness, till I can show
"myself to you in my real form, till nothing
"is left within me that endeavours to conceal itself from you; then only I shall be
"deserving of your love and your good
"wishes."

Some friends came to see us—We read a few of Klopstock's odes; discoursed on the caprice and the dissatisfaction of children. Conversation with superiors and inferiors is particularly beneficial to them, because they use themselves to become sensible, that superiors and inferiors stand in the same predicaments

dicaments with themselves. I send my son to the public school for, almost, no other reason, but to make him more sociable; to train him up to associate with men, although he should learn nothing else there; nay, even if he should (as I have not the least doubt) learn many improper and bad things. This evil seems to me not to be compared to shyness, that dreadful bane of sociable pleasure—to a disposition to despise and to avoid human society. Individual bad dispositions and faults which his mind may be tainted with, and which, generally, show themselves while in the bud, at least soon after they have taken possession of the mind, can more easily be removed by degrees, when they are perceived, than the dreadful inclination of the whole character to man-hatred, moroseness, and roguish fullness. Besides, I think it also ought not to be neglected, and ever

to

to be kept in view by those who write on education, and make a profession of educating children, as it ought to be the constant object of all preachers and moral writers, *that we must take the world as it is, and that we cannot alter its order and regulation.* The situations and connections in which we are, may be good or bad; they are always as they are. It would, therefore, be foolish to endeavour to alter them; and if one cannot do that, to seclude and tear one's self from them. Men and children must, consequently, be trained up to behave prudently, and to act right in *those* situations which cannot be altered; children, therefore, must not be used to be gentle and virtuous only in *private* and *at home*; one must not fancy to educate them well, if one secludes them from the society and noise of children; they also must learn and use themselves to be good among
of the

the *bad*, because it is impossible to prevent them from mixing with the *bad*. If they shall become wise and happy, then they must acquire a moral *firmness* and *self-consistency* of their own, which is entirely independent upon and free from authoritative inspection; but this they cannot acquire by means of any artificial education whatever.

I perused Oettinger's work on the *High-priesthood of Jesus Christ* (*h*). A few, however,

(*h*) Not having read Oettinger's works, I neither can nor dare judge of their deserts. They are, however, according to the testimony of judicious and impartial men, very mysterious, and partly unintelligible; I shall, of course, never read them; and the same advice I would give to all unlearned Christians. He who cannot spend much time with reading, and is not, what they commonly call, a man of letters, ought to be very cautious in the choice of his books, and to read only those which he can easily understand, and apply to his instruction and improvement. Whatever is most easily understood in scripture is always the most useful and important. EDITOR.

by far not sufficiently digested great ideas excepted, I have found very little in it; less than the worthy Hafencamp, whose understanding and heart is, in every other respect, so sound, gave me reason to expect.

But why does my heart feel so little satisfaction at being quoted by Oettinger, a man so generally esteemed? Why can I not help feeling some secret uneasiness, *malaise*, and an obscure displeasure, which seems to be afraid of myself, and for that very reason passes quickly by, when I see my name printed by that of Oettinger and Bengel? Is this vanity? childish fear to be laughed at as a follower of them?—and, yet, my heart tells me, that they are honest, pious, and, in many respects, deserving and active men; tells me audibly, that, in spite of the fame which my stile has procured me, I do not come up with them, neither in piety nor in meek-

meekness; that they have the concerns of God, and of the kingdom of Christ, more at heart than myself, notwithstanding the weakness, peculiarity, and obscurity, which may appear in their writings and character; that I must lay aside a great many things, and (as brother Hasencamp admonishes me with so much fraternal kindness) that *I must cleanse myself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit*, if, in the world to come, where the searcher of hearts certainly will make known their virtues, and emblaze them with radiant light, I shall, in their society, sincerely delight in their and our God. O Lord! cleanse my heart from all the dregs of vanity, conceit, and soul-poisoning envy!—*Only those that have pure hearts shall behold thee, Lord!*

P*** came, and was glad to find us so sociably and peacefully assembled. We spoke of Mrs. D. and her still being inconsolable about the loss of her only child, her sole joy

on earth. I thought that if one more epistolary attempt of consoling her should be made, it would be best not to say much more on that head; and not to comfort her expressly and directly; because her grief would then, perhaps, sooner abate.—One can, indeed, frequently render grief more unconquerable by applying consolations which do not strike home. People who are much afflicted *at a real* misfortune, which cannot be retrieved, *will not be comforted*; because they find a kind of pleasure in abandoning themselves to their melancholy. Every direct attempt to tear them from their luxurious grief is a kind of violence against which their heart revolts. . . . P*** told me that he was going to preach from the words, *Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?*—We cannot reflect too much on the idea, that whatever we have has been received.

We

We rob God in the full sense of the word, if we consider the least thing in the world as our *own* work; for it is literally true, in the fullest sense of the word, that *we are not sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God.* It is one of the characteristics of the sickly mode of interpretation, peculiar to our, in many respects, as much as possible *unphilosophical* century, that we call to our aid, and lavish *grammar* and *learning*, in order to confine the most general truths to a local sense, because they have, perhaps, been applied by Jesus Christ, or his apostles, to a *particular* case; and that we treat with a kind of contempt those who do not degrade a *general* truth to a *local* one, because it has been applied to a *particular* case!!! (i)

We

(i) Should it also be *unphilosophical*, if one endeavours to assign to every scriptural passage a *fixed* sense, adapted

We happened to discourse on the sublime sentence of St. Paul, *All are your's; ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's*: God has deli-

to the rules of the language, to the purport and the connection of the discourse, and the individual situation of the auditor, and refuses to make every thing of every thing? In the passage, *We are not sufficient of ourselves*, &c. &c. &c. the apostle speaks evidently of himself and his fellow-apostles, and of their ability to administer the functions of the evangelical ministry. Why then should we not explain that passage to *that purport*, but apply it to a matter which, though ever so true, is quite foreign to the object in view? Certainly, none will presume to deny that we derive all our abilities and faculties from God, and that he alone preserves them; and he who feels and believes this sincerely cannot possibly be proud. But does it follow thence, that we can do nothing at all with the faculties which God has granted us, if he does not continually influence us in an immediate and miraculous manner? "We apostles (St. Paul says in the passage quoted above) "have not ourselves invented the doctrine "we are preaching, but it has been revealed to us by "God." Dare we, now, conclude from that, that all our good thoughts are derived, in the *same manner*, and in the *same sense*, from God, and consequently are *divine revelations*? E.

vered

vered every thing to Christ, Christ to his redeemed; and yet every one retains his right! What God possesses is Christ's; what Christ possesses is the property of his whole congregation (k). O God! open our eyes, that we may know our dignity, and what are the riches of God's inheritance in the saints!

(k) Can this passage, if read in connection with the preceding and subsequent words, have any other meaning than, Do not adhere, in a schismatical manner, to any individual teacher of the gospel: do not boast of one apostle in such a manner that ye despise the rest, and alienate yourselves from them: be not ye, therefore, servants of men. *All is your's*: whatever God speaks and performs through us tends to your happiness; and you can, and ought to profit by whatever we preach and do, although our gifts and delivery should differ ever so much. *Ye are Christ's*: his disciples, his property; and not disciples, nor servants, of Paul or Cephas, or any mortal whatever. *Christ is God's*: he himself is the ambassador of God, who taught and executed only what God has ordered him to teach and to perform; and who did not seek his own glory, but that of his heavenly Father. E.

Before supper I was alone for a little while. My cough was very violent; the excretion had a taste of blood. This recalled the idea of death strongly to my mind. Gentle, filial submission wrestled with a secret wish to live longer, and to execute first this and that on earth. I would not see what I was, nor what I had performed; but what I could have performed, what I ought to have been. O God! how humble ought I to be?

I supped with my parents, was easy in my mind; yet I melted several times into tears at the idea, if I were to waste my vital powers with coughing.

MONDAY,

MONDAY, NOV. 16, 1772.

AT breakfast I communicated to my wife the preface of Oettinger's work on the *High-priesthood of Christ*. "I should be glad" (she said) "if they would write of you neither bad nor good!"

I wrote a few trifles; settled some oeconomical concerns with my wife; and begged P***, who called on me, on passing my house, to supply my place in the house of Orphans. I requested him, at the same time, to search for something among my papers: he could not find it immediately. Impatience began to be stirring within me: the same happened to me a quarter of an hour

hour afterwards, when I was vexed by my servant. I composed the hymn for the Orphans, and then rested half an hour on my bed, occupied with different reflections. I rose at nine o'clock, and finished my Journal of yesterday. Then I received a letter from a poor person whom I knew, and who was out of employment. He believed to have offended me, or to have been calumniated, because I had not enquired after him for some time. I determined to write to him without delay, put his letter aside, and was going to read the Epistle to the Philippians, but was interrupted. This would have grieved me, some time ago; but now it did not. It gives me always great pleasure, if, on such occasions, I do not desire to have a will of my own, and entirely submit to the will of Providence. The less I will, the less self-will I have, even with respect to what is good;

good; or, rather, to the *choice* of what is good; the more I submit implicitly in this respect to every call of Providence; the more easy, the more evidently blessed, am I.

One half of my Sermons on Jonas were returned to me by the Censurers with an approbation; and my *Manuscript for Servants* by a friend of mine, along with some remarks and additions, which I found very useful and proper, and instantly inserted and made use of.

Miss A*** came to see me, complaining gently and modestly, with tears in her eyes, of the corporeal and moral disorder of her nature. She staid till noon: I endeavoured to cheer her up, and to inspire her with faith in God through faith in men.

A parcel, containing the second part of my treatise on Physiognomy, arrived from Leipzig. I always tremble when I see a new

new publication of mine. My writings produce quite a different effect on me when *printed* than when manuscripts; I also view them in a light entirely different.

I ran the treatise over, read the preface and the annotations; was frightened at some leaves which through neglect had been left blank; wrote some letters, and went to dinner.—We spoke of Mr. Schmiedlin, who is ill; of the loss his congregation will suffer, if he should die; and how much they deserve to have a worthy man in his room, if that event should happen. He is, indeed, a worthy and kind gentleman. I cannot value his musical talents; have, however, heard some of his compositions with the greatest emotion. His *Dust to dust*, &c. &c., &c. I have already bespoke for my death-bed.

A citizen's wife brought me, after dinner,
a letter

a letter from her poor husband, who wants some assistance for carrying on his profession. I could give her little hope; promised to speak to my father, and to send her an answer.—My father gave me something for her.—I continued my Journal, and sent some copies of my Essays on Physiognomy abroad. My wife brought my little girl to me—The little, innocent, lovely child!—Who gave her that innocence and loveliness? For how many millions of children has the Father of all beauty, innocence and loveliness in store? O! my God! who could ever take a child on his arm, and bear the horrid idea which once I have heard expressed in a sermon; *Little children are an abode of the devils!* Our Saviour can, certainly, not wish us to become such an abode, when he desires us to become *children!!!*

I read

I read the Epistle to the Philippians. I wish I could always transcribe those passages, ideas, and expressions, which strike me particularly, and appear to me to deserve a peculiar reflection. Indeed, we skip over a great deal that is of the highest importance, and ought to improve our *Christian taste*. How important arg, for example, the following expressions and sentiments; and how much would they refine our moral taste, if we did not read them with so little attention: *So be sincere, and without offence, till the day of Christ—Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God—If only Christ is preached every where; if he only is magnified in my body, whether it be by life or death—to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain, which is far better—O Lord! Lord! may this spirit, this simplicity, and this pure, amiable zeal,*
 best I animate

animate all thy servants, animate my soul, inspire me whenever I act, speak, write, pray, suffer, honour, and am honoured.—

There are moments when I fancy to have a right to repeat these words of the apostle's, with application to myself; I am, however, still frightened when I look up to the glory and love of Jesus Christ.—*Wherever I am* (says the heavenly truth) *my servant and follower shall be too.*

I cannot esteem, admire, and love, too much, that man who could write to people who formerly were immersed in ignorance and vice; *Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake.*

In lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than themselves. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus!

Be

Be blameless and harmless, as the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world!—Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice!—Let your moderation be known unto all men!—Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and in supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God!—The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus—Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

How can we ministers, how can I, who am a minister of the gospel, read the good and indifferent descriptions of good and ungodly ministers, without being sensibly affected? All of them seek their own, not the things

things which are Jesus Christ's—~~What~~ What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ—I desire to know him, and the power of his resurrection, and being made conformable unto his death—I forget those things which are behind, and am reaching forth unto those things which are before—I tell you, weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, their belly is their God, their glory is their shame, and their end destruction, for they mind earthly things.

When we hear the apostle say: Christ has power to submit all things unto himself; God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth; and every tongue should confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Alas! how dare we ministers, so void of Christ, and so neglectful of him, lift up our

eyes by the side of the apostles, who were inspired by Christ (l)? In vain will the whole world, and the most enlightened geniuses, be ashamed of the name of Christ, when Christ himself is violently pressed forth (as it were), and placed upon an eminence.—
It shall be; and I will not close my eyes; and this hand shall not be numbed before Jesus Christ has been glorified on my body; it be for life or death (m).

(l) This passage contains much truth, but, at the same time, some vague ideas, which easily may be misapplied. Whoever preaches the gospel of Christ, whoever, like him, endeavours with sincerity of heart to propagate truth, virtue, and honesty, is not a minister void of Christ, though he has not continually the name of Jesus Christ on his lips. We find in the gospel long speeches of Christ, and whole apostolical epistles wherein his person scarcely is mentioned? And who is ignorant that in the writings of the apostles the name of Christ frequently means nothing else but the Christian doctrine? E.

(m) Can this mean any thing else, than to suffer for Christ's sake, to become a martyr for his doctrine? And

I wrote an answer to the letter I had received in the morning. I could say, with the greatest veracity, that nothing but my inability was the reason why I have not assisted him any longer, and seemed to have forgot him.—I was quite silent for a quarter of an hour, meditating on the declining state of theology in Germany, and fighting to my heavenly master. F*** came; I begged him to stay with me, and he consented. We read the second and third Epistle of St. John, and afterwards a tract of Benson, in the British Theological Magazine, on the *resuscitated Saints*, who, after the resurrection of Christ, appeared to many Christians at Jerusalem. It appeared to us not sufficiently

is it not against our duty to draw sufferings wantonly and forcibly upon ourselves? One can, indeed, be a good Christian without suffering as a *Christian*. Piety has, in our times, more than in those of the apostles, the promise of the life that now is. E.

proved that they have been mere Christians who had but lately died; and that, without their being known, the impression which their appearance would have produced must have been fruitless; because it is evident, that Moses and Elias have been recognised by the three apostles on the holy mountain, although they had been dead many hundred years, and, consequently, have never been seen by the apostles.—Benson is a diligent explainer of the scripture, but only a common labourer; yet a very useful labourer in the exegetical science! How little feeling does he, however, show! I recollected, on this occasion, to have read in the relation which Eusebius gives of Christ's letter to Abgarus, that the apostle Thaddeus is said to have told that king, that Christ came from heaven quite alone, and returned to it in company of many thousand saints.

upon them, you are unjust to God, and in-
capable of being comforted. My discom-
forts on **LETTER to Mrs. B.** late friend
lower to the assertion of our common friend,
Mrs. *** that God possesses more than he
can give to individuals—more power, more
wisdom, and infinitely more love, than any
one of our friends can have and receive.

Nov. 16, 1772.

I WILL not deny that your sufferings are
unspeakably great—but you have not fol-
lowed my advice, have not answered the
chief points of my letter. You must first
make repeated trials; and, if they should
prove unsuccessful, then I shall, certainly,
agree with you that you are inconsolable.

You must begin to reflect upon, and to
sum up, the numberless benefactions which
God has bestowed on you, and still conti-
nues daily to bestow. While you add only
to the scale of sufferings, and reflect only

TUESDAY

E 3

upon

upon *them*, you are unjust to God, and incapable of being comforted. My disconsolate friend! you also have returned no answer to the assertion of our common friend, Mrs. ***, that God possesses more than he *can* give to individuals—more power, more wisdom, and infinitely more love; than any one of your friends *can* have and receive from him.—What may you expect from the *sun*, if a single ray can satisfy you! *God is greater than our heart!* That you have not considered, *Y* chief points of my letter. I must speak to you without disguise—Do not fancy that I am unfeeling!—I am sensible of your misery—If you, however, wish for comfort, then I can and must direct you only to the path whereupon it is to be met with.

TUESDAY,

view of *Exbury*, which he was so desirous to have; and the worthy, poor man pays it from a debt of gratitude for his journey to the next world. Such mistakes and neglects, on my part, have caused me already much grief. I console myself, how-

I CANNOT insert some remarkable scenes of this day; I must, however, remark, for the sake of my own information, that I have wronged very much, and have been very angry in my heart with some friends, who insisted that some persons whom they met in my house were insincere—that I fancied to defend innocence, and thus wounded the hearts of my much more innocent friends.

In the evening I received a letter from the worthy *Kraemer*, of *Dudelheim*. This sick and afflicted honest man made me blush by his too grateful friendship. I imagined to have sent him the third volume of my

Views of Eternity, which he was so desirous to have; and the worthy, poor man buys it, from a desire to strengthen himself for his journey to the next world. Such mistakes and neglects, on my part, have caused me already much grief. I console myself, however, with the faith in the faith of my friends.

He had inclosed a letter, written to him by the sensible and honest Mr. Hedebrand, of Buedingen, in which this gentleman makes some excellent remarks on the third volume of my *Views*, particularly on the arbitrary punishments of eternity, which I entirely approve. We agree in the point. What, at present, appears to us arbitrary punishment, is, at bottom, in the eyes of a superior being, who overlooks the whole at once, *natural punishment*.

The separation of the wicked from the righteous, their translocation to a place of torture,

torture, laborious occupations, heat and cold, and such like things, may, indeed, at present, appear to us *arbitrary punishments*, and yet naturally originate from the *moral and physical* disposition of man, which are closely connected.

The relation of our body to certain similar and homogeneous substances may render its translocation to the worst climates of the universe *natural*; and this relation may chiefly depend on our moral disposition, and on the impressions which, here below, have been imprinted, by our passions and actions, on that part of our being which is to be immortal.

I was rather vexed that the worthy man seems not to have understood my plain hints concerning the punishments of the wicked, or, at least, has not discovered it in his letter. Nothing vexes me more than misunderstanding, or not understanding, my opinions; when they

they are represented so plainly, and with so much simplicity.

P*** brought me that volume of the *Universal German Review of Belles Lettres* which contains the criticism on my *Secret Journal*. Having read already the Review, I did not read it quite through. I was sensibly affected by some passages which I had overlooked, at first, certainly for no other reason but because I had blushed several times, and was very much displeased with some remarks.

I have, indeed, wronged the author of that criticism, and am sincerely ashamed of it. Yet I cannot deny that some passages still appear very singular to me.

P*** dined with me. I perused Weisse's pretty *spelling-book*. We spoke of Brandt's (n) crime. My brother, the doctor, joined us:

(n) One of the conspirators who designed a plot against the life of the King of Denmark.

spoke of Mr. Schmiedlin's illness and death; and, on that occasion, praised Mr. E*** very much. P*** wished I might enlarge some chapters of the *Essays on Physiognomy*. I recapitulated the reasons which would not suffer me to do it, though it should be in my power. "The only thing (said I) I could do farther, would be to publish *Miscellaneous Physiognomical Observations and Reflections*, for which I have a great number of subjects amongst my drawings. And thus (added I) I will silence all doubts through facts; but I will first enlarge my collection a little more."

I was lost, for some moments, in astonishment, at the moral disharmony of one and the same man.

"Pfenninger!" (exclaimed I, with a violent emotion) "I will proclaim, as loud as possible, to the world, to all heroes in virtue, authors, ministers of the gospel, sentimentalists,

sentimentalists, judges, speakers, and to all
 those who have some authority in the
 kingdom of virtue, "O! ye dear, worthy
 respectable, and best of men! if you have not
 also some moments, minutes, and quarters of an
 hour, when you must despise yourselves, when
 the whole world would despise you, if it could
 see the inmost recesses of your hearts, and knew
 nothing else of you!—O! then banish me solemnly
 from your circle! I do not belong to you! I
 am either the most unhappy or the most scelerate
 being on earth; for I am certain that not a
 week passes without my having such a minute,
 such a quarter of an hour."——

"I will join with you"—Pfenninger said,
 smiling—"they shall banish me too from
 their circle, if they perceive nothing of
 that kind with regard to themselves (o)."
~~as usual as misanthropy, I will proclaim~~

(o) Should not this observation frequently be a mere
 deception? Should it, really, render me so despicable,
 when unavoidable external impressions, or an involuntary
 association

My friend left me at nine o'clock. I made a few additions to my Journal, and examined my conduct during this day. I have thought too little of God. I was, indeed, involuntarily involved in a constant bustle, and cannot accuse myself of an act of injustice against any person whatever. I have, indeed, been useful and beneficial to others; it would, however, have been possible, and naturally better, if I had regarded the concerns of V*** more than the concerns of God; and how easily could I have done that, if my mind had been occupied

association of ideas produce within me bad and wicked thoughts, which I, however, instantly view in their proper light, rejecting and suppressing them with indignation. They may, perhaps, deprive me of the good opinion of men, who see only the effect, and not its cause, nor my ruling sentiments; but they will, certainly, not degrade me in the eye of God, who sees and judges both at the same time, and honours my heart. E.

with

with God. I did not grieve me at all that I neither have read, nor could read, in the scripture. Not I, but Providence, directed it that I should *act*, and not *read*. Some premature emotions of anger could also not please me much. The servant came to tell me, that my wife had flung herself on the bed as soon as she came home.—Displeasure at her not having first come to see me, if only for a moment, was, evidently, the first and prevailing sensation of my heart; I soon, however, got the better of it, assisted by my good opinion of her.—And how naturally did she *act*! She had violent pains in her stomach; I was not alone—she apprehended she should make me uneasy, or be detained.—Having recovered a little, she came to see me, although her pains were not as yet entirely gone off.—O! how much did her kindness abash and rejoice me!

WED-

I from very much I approved which I did not
wrote the Address to Masters and Ministers

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, 1772

and corrected the text after the annotations

of my friend

I WAS very cold, and disinclined to prayers, when I awoke. The thought,—*Creature!—aversion from God!*—struck, or rather thrilled, my soul; and I sighed for faith and love.—My wife wished me a good and a more tranquil day than yesterday was!—"Just as Providence pleases," (said I). "I wish, my dear! we may increase in faith, love, hope, and patience!"—My children came into my room; I amused myself with them; showed them some pages in Weisse's Spelling-book, and related to Henry the tale of the sweet-meat.

My friend returned *The Pocket-book for Servants*, along with some remarks and additions,

ditions, which I approved very much. I wrote the Address to Masters and Mistresses, with which that little performance begins, and corrected the text after the annotations of my friend.

I received a letter from Mr. *** of St. Gallen, in which he thanked me for my little poem on his deceased mother, and for the communication of my opinion of the state of the soul after death.—I was agreeably surprised that this worthy person is so much above the prejudices of the place of his abode. I read his letter to my wife.—*There is still salt every where!*—O! how many thousand noble and enlightened souls more shall I get acquainted with!

I wrote a note to Mrs. ***.

“I was yesterday, for the first time, not
“pleased with my friend—not pleased with
“her look of denial and mistrust with regard
“to

“to the *sincerity* of Lady B***. This is the
 “first time that our sentiments differ, or,
 “at least, seem to differ. One ought never
 “to observe a friend with the eye of a mer-
 “chant, even if he should be the best upon
 “earth. Nothing but *man* himself ought to
 “observe; nothing but *man* must see, and
 “see nothing but the man: O! why did you
 “not feel that Honesty herself cannot speak
 “more forcibly than the physiognomy of
 “that lady? O! my friend! if that lady
 “has not the strongest disposition to virtue,
 “then all my delight in honest human faces,
 “all my delight in your face, is at an end.”

Mr. E*** came to see me, and gave me
 an account of his situation; which, indeed,
 is very lamentable—O God! why hast thou
 given me so strong a sense of pity, so strong
 inclinations to relieve the afflicted, and so
 little power? I could never conceive that

there can be a greater and a more divine pleasure, than that which arises from the *harmony* and the *proportion* of the *desire* and the *power* of *doing good*.—If futurity should not procure me that happiness, then the love which I have fostered here below would become to me a treasure of torments—*Love without power is infernal torture.*

I received a note from Mrs. ***, in answer to what I wrote to her to-day: “Not
 “with the eye of the best merchant will I
 “see!—No! I will see with you—Let me
 “blush, and rejoice that you are right!—
 “Alas! how much is my heart afflicted!
 “Tell me that you will bury in oblivion,
 “and obliterate, all my faults. I must con-
 “fess, in honour of truth, and to my own
 “shame, that your friend was right, and I
 “wrong—I deemed the guilty innocent;
 “and, for that reason, pronounced the in-
 “nocent

“nocent guilty. It is, therefore, my duty
“to be more cautious in future, and to beg
“your pardon.”

My boy came weeping into my study. He had refused to come up from the street on the first summons of his mother, who had conducted him to me. He promised to behave better; but I would not listen to him, and only told him I would pardon him; yet could not believe that he was serious, till I had seen proofs.

Elkan came to fetch the manuscript of the book for servants. I perused a few pages of it, and wrote a continuation of the Sketch of Religion. Mr. Jacob Hefs, the author of the Life of Christ, being with me, we spoke of it.—Before we instruct any person in religion, we ought first to make him sensible that he wants instructions of that kind. *Consciousness of our wants is the main*

spring of all human actions—and then faith, or confidence that something exists which can satisfy our wants. Christ has, for that reason, very wisely encompassed his religious instructions in two words, viz. REPENT, and BELIEVE IN THE GOSPEL! Be sensible of your depravity, and believe that God will extricate you from it through the Messiah (p).

A woman from F*** came to acquaint me with her poverty, and the misery of her husband, who, for many years, had been afflicted, every spring and autumn, with a fit of melancholy.—To tell the truth, I had not

(p) One must, indeed, believe the offered means of repentance and salvation to be good ones, if one shall apply them willingly and faithfully. This is the confidence which the gospel requires of us. But then one must make a proper and constant use of them, if they shall make us better and happy. Confidence in a physician is beneficial to us only as far as it induces us to follow his directions, and to regulate our life accordingly. E.

so much money in the house as she wanted, and could not recollect directly any person to whom I could have sent her, having already importuned my most intimate, benevolent friends too much.—O! how much secret, pungent grief has it already given me, that I cannot, or dare not, have so much confidence in my dear auditors in general, to recommend to them, with all due modesty, one or the other deeply-afflicted fellow Christian!—But, perhaps, I wrong them? ought, perhaps, not to lament their untried disinclination to benevolent actions of that kind—but rather my timidity and my diffidence in their readiness to oblige me!

Mr. Schinz and Mr. Voegli came to see me. We spoke of the self-created and of the natural wants of human nature; particularly of death, and the little *natural* appearance of the living existence of man, after

death and the destruction of the body——
I spoke with great difficulty, because my
breast pained me very much.

A note from Mr. T. M****. Continued
my Journal, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. *** came to see me. We spoke of
the poor Z****. O God! preserve my pa-
tience with men who do not understand
men!——The honest man said (when going
out of the room), “You ought to thank
“God that you are not obliged to see so
“many instances of bad people and wicked
“actions as I do.”——“I see,” (replied I)
“as many bad ones as any man living; but,
“thank God! so many good ones as few
“people can see; and every day so many
“very good men and actions, that I shall
“never become a misanthrope.”

Continued my Journal. P**** came.—
“How do you do?”——“I am tired” (said I),

“and

"and dissatisfied: tired, because I have talk-
 "ed much; and dissatisfied, because I have
 "talked in vain." I related; he sighed....
 We unbosomed ourselves, at supper, to each
 other, with respect to many cruelties and
 insensibilities which, frequently, are minded
 so little—I could, several times, not help
 shedding the bitterest tears—Once I dropped
 a very harsh word—"Will that word, too,
 "be inserted in your Journal?" P*** asked,
 kindly smiling. "No! (was my reply); *writ-*
 "*ten* it would appear much harsher than *ut-*
 "*tered* in the heat of just indignation. Be-
 "sides, I cannot but confess that, however
 "one should be determined, one cannot
 "write down in one's Journal **ALL** bad
 "actions or thoughts, as little as one can
 "and dare insert all the good ones, however
 "we may be persuaded that no person ever
 "shall see it."

To Mrs. F***.

Dear Madam,

FIRST of all, I must beg your pardon for not having sent an earlier answer to your last kind, sisterly letter, which was accompanied with a present as unmerited as it was unexpected. I could not possibly write sooner. You may, however, be assured that your kind attention has given me the greatest pleasure. O! what would become of me, if not so many good people did forbear me in love? To how many whom I know, and not know, do I owe thanks, and the most cordial love! O! how happy should I be, if I were to all these worthy people more than a dead letter! O! when will the Spirit of power, of love, and of heavenly wisdom, break forth from my poor hut with such an enlivening splendour that the life
of

of Jesus Christ shall be manifested on my mortal body? O! believe me, in order that you may be induced to pray for me with so much the more ardour—believe me that I am infinitely more weak than your love for me represents me to you. I will, however, not dispirit nor discourage you in the least by this confession. The unbounded patience and forbearance which God shows towards me affords me much courage, and liberty to encourage all, even the weakest souls, and to proclaim his mercy to them. I have said several times to my confidant, “that all sins
 “I have committed prove beneficial to me,
 “and blessings to others; that, of course, I
 “ought to thank God for them too (q).”

(q) One must not misapply this passage. The author does not thank God for the sins and errors he has committed; but he thanks God that, through his wife and kind providence, he has made arise much good from these very sins and errors. Woe unto him that does evil, that good may come! E.

Every

Every thing draws us nearer towards him in whom the wisdom, the power, and the love of God shine with the brightest splendour—to him whose name is like unto his power, who is all *assistance* and *salvation*. O! let us look up to him, and rouse his spirit within us through faith!—The spirit of Christ is every where. He is within myself—and within you; he is within all, even within the most horrid sinners(r). But only those *have* him, *perceive* him, and enjoy his animating power, who *believe* that he is within them. Whoever can believe this firmly, is enabled, is enlivened, to become like unto Christ, and to represent on earth

(r) The author must mean by the Spirit of Christ something singular, and unknown to us. The scripture generally means by it the *mind* of Christ, his *manner of thinking*, his *moral character*. But these things can exist only in good men. E.

the image of the eternal Father of Jesus Christ.—Let me be recommended to your prayers, your love, and to the communion of your spirit.

May the love of God display itself within you according to the measure of your faith, which God may increase!

Prove an honour to Christ, as Christ has done to his Father!

I am,

Your undeserving brother
and servant,

LAVATER.

P.S. As soon as my Sermons are published, I will send you a copy. They will, perhaps, be printed off before new year. Commend me to your family, and do not doubt my gratitude. May God enlighten

us

us all to behold, in its proper light, his adorable glory in the person of Jesus Christ! May Jesus Christ become *within us* what he was *without* and *for us*—the *Victim of Love!*—Nothing for himself, all for God, for the benefit of the world!—Do not be displeased with my brevity, ye dear souls!—I must write several letters more.—The mercy of Jesus Christ be with you all! Amen.

*To Mr. Sp***, at C***.*

Dearest Professor,

Dec. 9, 1772.

INDEED you have made me blush very much by your too kind letter. I must tell you frankly, that the notions you entertain
of

of me are entirely wrong. I am a being exactly as weak and poor as you are. Besides, my dear friend, men must never admire men, nor Christians their fellow-Christians. We are all alike before God. The Spirit which is within me is also within you. You are an abode of the Almighty; I am a breath of the Almighty Ought two worms upon a heap of dust praise each other, look up to each other, and admire each other?

O! my dear friend, give me leave to return you thanks for your goodness, but at the same time to beg you to take it as plain, true, and natural sincerity, when I tell you that I am less averse than you from being mistaken for one of the best of mortals. I am not entirely bad; God has done a great deal in me and through me; I am, nevertheless, undoubtedly, so weak a reptile, that I can frequently scarcely lift up my eyes before

fore people who are only half-good.—Let me beg one favour more of you! Ten lectures a day are at least by half too many; they are, certainly, too much for you; and you must lessen their number by all means. If you have no family, then I conjure you sevenfold; but tenfold if you are blessed with children. I shall make free to write to your Prince, if you reject my advice, and beg of him the life of a man who calls him amiable, and will not take care of his life.

You say, you are so frequently led astray by the world! But you are, perhaps, uneasy about things which are innocent, or only *fate*.—If you, however, should mean it in the worst sense, my answer is briefly this: "*Do not fear—believe only (s)!*" It is forgiven

(s) In order to prevent abuse, I add, *Do not become dispirited and faint in the combat against sin, and the bad examples*

you already—only *believe* it ! Your sins are already obliterated ; the Holy Ghost resides already in your heart. *Believe it only !* You are dearer to God than you can conceive ! *only believe it.* IF YOU CANNOT THINK HUMBLy ENOUGH OF YOUR DESERTS, YOU ALSO CANNOT THINK HIGHLY ENOUGH OF YOUR DIGNITY. You *deserve* nothing, and *possess* every thing.—Even the most depraved prince is still a prince ; the greatest sinner (and what else is sin but depravity of human nature ?) is still the creature, the beautiful work of God. God can never hate his creatures ; he only hates what deforms his beautiful work ; and to root this

examples of the wicked world : cease not to endeavour to grow better, although thou shouldst not succeed as thou dost wish ; rise when thou art fallen, and do not lavish thy time and powers with inactive penitence ; but apply them to a more cautious prosecution of thy career. E-

out

out of human nature is the work of Christ. Let us believe and rejoice in him. Do not be dispirited, even if you should be led to despise yourself a thousand times, nay, ten thousand times—This penitential sensation is salutary; but do not stop here! *Proceed to faith! Proceed to faith!*—A human being for whom the Son of God has prayed but once, and for whom he suffered himself to be fixed to the cross, is of greater value in the eyes of God than ten thousand worlds without souls—And of how much importance must a world be to him who directs, by his power and wisdom, even a falling hair of our head! Do, therefore, not fear; *only have faith(t)!*"

(t) Mind well, Christian reader, that the author is speaking of faith which shows itself active through a sincere love to God and our neighbours, and earnest and constant endeavours to perform the will of God. E.

Accept these remarks as a token of my friendship for you. Commend me to all those on whom God blesses my weak endeavours. I am

Your sincere servant, and
brother in the Lord,

J. C. LAVATER.

To Mrs. D****.

Dear Madam,

Dec. 19, 1772.

YOU are perfectly right, when you say, that souls who are faithful in patience, in filently suffering virtue, and in negative obedience, are more scarce, than such who are faithful in active, positive virtue; although active virtue, if not self-willing, but a filial

VOL. II.

G

servant

servant of Providence, has constantly opportunities to show negative obedience.

You maintain, that there are few hearts who are capable of a true communion of sentiments and external riches; yet he who is capable of such a communion will easily find a congenial soul; for God creates no wish within our hearts which he does not satisfy (u).

May I inclose a copy of my Almanack? Farewell! and let not the instant Christmas expel me from your memory. I mean to preach on that occasion from 1 John i. 1—5. O God! what a veil covers our eyes! How little do we know what we may expect from God through Jesus Christ!

(u) But take care, Christian reader, not to mistake every livelier, stronger wish, arising within thy breast, for an immediate produce of God. E.

My

My dear wife begins to recover a little from her dangerous illness.

I am

Your most devoted friend
and brother,

LAVATER.

To Mr. G***.

Dear Friend,

LET me perceive, during the present festival of Christ's nativity, that you pray, that wisdom, strength, and holy fervor, may be granted me. Whatever you pray for me, you pray for yourself. I distribute again whatever I receive.—My dear wife is still very ill; she is, however, a lamb in patience

and goodness; full of tranquillity of mind,
and without self-will—reposing in the lap of
heavenly love.

J. C. LAVATER.

To Mr. E. Gr***.

Honoured Sir,

Dec. 23, 1772.

MY dear wife has had to-day (since I have
wrote to your father) one of the worst days
of her life. Indeed, only a god-like patience
can bear what she endures.

The heart of the dear Bischoff has a very
beautiful side; yet I fear he betrays too much
want of light, too much weakness of faith, and
too much caprice. I observe, in general, more
and more frequently, that the best of men
are

are so very capricious. It is a dreadful thing: the pliant *simplicity* of a child, on the contrary, is an excellent, heavenly disposition. We rule, undoubtedly, in the same measure in which we serve, and are free in the same measure in which we make ourselves the servants of others. He who will have every thing must desire nothing (*). *Faith*, my dear Sir, is something so unspeakably *simple*, that the greater number do not obtain it, because they fancy *faith* to be something more than to *believe*. Whoever is a *true* believer scarcely knows that he believes.

Being at present, overburthened with business, sorrows, and sufferings, I perceive the

(*) If I am not mistaken, the author means nothing else, but that we must resign ourselves entirely to the wise Providence of God, cheerfully perform what he bids us to do, patiently submit to the sufferings he lays upon us, and never doubt that his will is always the best. E.

strengthening hand of God. I desire nothing, and am easy; I believe, and my faith will conquer.

LAVATER.

FRIDAY, Jan. 1, 1773.

I AM no more at leisure to compose a complete Journal; I will, therefore, as much as those moments which I cannot employ to a better purpose shall allow, write down, with as much brevity as possible, only my most remarkable hours, occupations, situations, incidents, feelings, weaknesses, inconsiderate actions, and faults; more at large, when I am more at leisure; when not, more briefly. It shall not make me uneasy, when I

am

am prevented from doing it. With regard to this point, I will also submit to the will of Providence, in a filial, simple manner, and without the least anxiety.

I wish, indeed, to have wrote down more, and to have been less negligent last year: yet it cannot be altered. I will grieve less and less about such matters, and be less determined with respect to futurity.

I could not sleep the first midnight hour of this new year—and I cannot tell what was the secret cause of it; whether it was weakness or childishness, or an inexplicable melancholy trembling, on account of the loss of a year, and of the beginning of a new period of my life. I could not go to bed before eleven o'clock—and from eleven to twelve o'clock I had sufficient matter for reflection, being gently roused by the distant harmonious ringing of the village bells.—

I attempted to thank my Creator for his numerous blessings, and *could* not; attempted to pray; but my prayer consisted chiefly in tears, and in a sweet, thrilling anxiety.—I thirsted after light and wisdom, in every respect—My mother, my wife, my children, and some of my friends, had the largest share in my wishes—Some particularly pressing concerns came in for theirs.—I fell asleep.

I awoke a little before seven o'clock, and addressed myself to the paternal goodness of God, burning with a desire for wisdom.—I heard the voice of my dear wife, went to her, and we blessed each other with the sweetest, tenderest, and most innocent affection, discoursing on the fate which, almost to certainty, will befall us in the present year—I read the New-Year's Hymn with particular fervor.

I had

I had staid a little too long with my wife, and was going to dress myself with too much impetuosity, and to ask for what one had forgot to keep in readiness.—*I will not begin this year with uneasiness!*—This thought restrained and pacified me.

It cost me some struggle to be prepared for every gratulation which might come in my way.

The gratulation of my fellow-labourer covered me with shame, and mortified me unspeakably.—O God! how much will thy judgement differ from that of men! They see only what is before their eyes, but thou seest the heart!

Alas! what shall I wish to my mother, who is overburthened with corporeal sufferings?—As much patience as sufferings! as much faith as she will have gloomy days!

After dinner—four *cartes blanches* for my friends,

friends.—P*** sent me one signed with his name, and I wrote upon it, “Oblivion of all follies and weaknesses; forbearance of all indifference; daily intercession with God; plain admonitions and reprehensions; more earnest in striking reproofs—more instruction, less partial regard, more humiliation, less praise, promises his friend Lavater”

J. C. PFENNINGER.

I almost fainted on the pulpit; head-ache, and the great exertion I had made in the delivery of my sermon, threatened to prove fatal to me; I acquitted myself, nevertheless, pretty well.—I was rather regardless when I came to the congratulatory part of my sermon.—The prayer for wisdom for *myself* was, however, more sincere and fervent.

Temptations to impatience, occasioned by idle discourses in a house where I had offered
my

my wishes for a happy new year!—I conquered through faith in Providence.

I took, by accident, a letter out of my pocket, which I had not yet read, and just received—read it aloud—and some comical strokes of wit which occurred in it would easily have given an opportunity for profanation, if I had not stopt and left off reading.

Faith in Providence silenced my uneasiness at my not being able to speak a Christian word to a Christian female friend.

My son was sitting on the bed of his mother, and said his prayers, which he had learnt without my knowledge, and which did not meet my approbation.—Stifled anger.

A kind letter from Mr. G***, which I read to my wife: “Humility, my dear friend, is
“nothing but—knowledge of truth; no one
“ought

“ought to think higher of himself than he
 “deserves—Let us always judge according
 “to truth—and not forget the author of our
 “being.”

Doubts whether I should preach next Sunday or not—reasons *pro* and *contra*—I perceived no selfish view in this irresolution, and yet could come to no determination, I continued my Journal with tranquillity till seven o'clock.

P*** came: we were interrupted; but could, nevertheless, converse a few minutes longer on want of knowledge, and of observation; on want of attention to ourselves.—I had a fit of bleeding.—My wife begged me to request a friend to preach for me; I consented, and was easy.

Read Mr. Irmingers last sermon of the preceding year, on Eccl. xii. 13, 14. with great pleasure and edification. After supper

per we read the second book of Samuel—My partiality for David increases, the more I study his character—How much was he a *man*!—I cannot help repeating again and again, there is no historical book in the world more interesting than the Bible!—What characters! always illustrated by actions—always so human, and so *true*; so true in virtuous and vicious situations!

My brother came to see me: we spoke of my mother's situation, of her patience, and of other great sufferers who, perhaps, are also struggling for victory, and, after their redemption, will certainly not wish to have suffered a single moment less. Finished the Journal, and wrote some verses for my afflicted mother.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, Jan. 2, 1773.

A LETTER from Mr. Schloffer. Wrote an answer to it. Some ideas concerning the Bible. All the doctrines of faith are historical. Belief in the immortality of the soul is belief in the resurrection of Christ: the belief that God will give us immortality through Christ is belief that God already distributes through him powers of life, &c. &c. &c. This afforded an opportunity of discoursing with my friend on the Jewish theocracy. I hit, during our conversation, on some new ideas concerning the aim which God has attained with regard to the education of the Jewish nation, which deserve farther investigation and development.

At

At three o'clock I visited a sick girl, who desired to see me. I explained to her, in the most simple manner, by her desire, the evangelical method of comforting and reforming sinners.

No man can be morally corrected without confidence and friendship. What no precept, no law, can effect, confidence can. Confidence and faith are, therefore, always the first and chief aim of the gospel.—This simple principle, which is so efficacious in any other case, ought not to be neglected and ignored so much, nor ought it to be so absolutely confounded by our modern moralists, who pretend to possess so much knowledge of man, with obedience, arising therefrom.

Conversed with P*** on fanaticism.—Although the scripture abounds in marvellous stories, and promises of communion with
God,

God, yet fanaticism is kept, as much as possible, at a distance. The Godhead never speaks ambiguously, never like heated imagination. God speaks always through actions which the whole human race, from the philosopher down to the peasant's child, *must* confess to surpass all known powers of man. Fanaticism raises every natural incident to a miraculous and supernatural one. It calls the refreshment of a fainting person *resurrection from the dead*; heavenly wisdom, on the contrary, says of the dead, *he is not dead, but sleeps*.

We spoke also of a certain new class of witty authors, who betray too evidently that they fancy to be in possession of truth, and imagine to have it in their power to send forth, merely out of grace, as many sparks of this heavenly light as they please—who frequently triumph too wantonly, elated by their
imaginary

imaginary sagacity—and, spite of their boasting of learning, display much intolerance against certain honest and deserving, but weak people—who exhibit, in their writings, a fine show of sensibility; and evince, in their judgments, very little common, natural, and simple fraternal love—who, out of mere greatness and sublimity, entirely lose sight of the first rudiments of equity.

My mother appeared to be weaker—Alas! how little is it in my power, how little in the power of us all, to relieve her! and why shrinks my heart so much to pray for her deliverance?

I read a sermon of P***'s on 2 Pet. iii. 13, 14. and copied a passage from it:—

“Why do we not, after all that scripture says of the joys of heaven, conceive the *natural idea*, that we shall enjoy *there*, in a *higher* degree, and in a *greater* measure,

Vol. II. 2

H

“what-

“ whatever affords us innocent pleasure in
 “ *this world?* The sight of every beautiful
 “ creature, every fine view, the serene sky,
 “ every harmony that charms our ear, every
 “ increase of knowledge, the sight of a
 “ happy fellow-creature, the enjoyment of
 “ the sweets of friendship, &c. &c. &c.
 “ ought to produce the idea: Pleasures of
 “ that kind we shall taste, one time, in greater
 “ number, more lively and sublime, less in-
 “ terrupted, more unbiaſſed and unmixed.”

I muſt accuſe myſelf, to-day, of indolence
 —I have not prayed with my uſual filial
 ſimplicity—was inattentive, and rather im-
 patient—This day was, however, not quite
 unbleſſed.

SATURDAY,

and perhaps, have
been increased by an inclination which I
was obliged to follow. I should
continue my sermon on religious joy; with
this heart! No! that could not be! that can-

FATHER of Light! open mine eyes!
give me wisdom to know how to pray and
to act!—Thus I sighed on opening my eyes
this morning.

The idea of the occupations which will
engage me to-day made me rather uneasy;
and I felt some reluctance to fulfil the pro-
mise I had made yesterday to my little boy,
to explain the Lord's Prayer to him. I did
it, however, with tranquillity and pleasure.
Continued my sermon for to-morrow—felt
some symptoms of a cold and a flying tooth-
ache—and grew angry, because the door
opposite me had been left open twice, with-

out need. This anger may, perhaps, have been increased by an indiscretion which I was obliged to submit to. But now I should continue my sermon on religious joy ; with *this* heart? No! that must not be! that cannot be!

I continued my Journal—and, meanwhile, had room to compose myself, and to recover my tranquillity. Maternal gambols with my little daughter, which I heard behind me, cheered me up again. I put warmer clothes on. I have frequently observed that a negligent and incomplete dress in the morning is very disadvantageous to me, because it makes me morose, and distresses me, when I am requested to come instantly to some place or other.

I received an answer which convinced me that I had made too much of, and misunderstood, the above-mentioned indiscretion—

"Want of proper information, misunderstanding, ignorance" (I had just wrote in my sermon), "is an inexhaustible source of gloominess of mind, sadness, discontent, and melancholy."—This is, indeed, literally true. How necessary is, therefore, the prayer for a simple, sound eye; for tranquil, heavenly wisdom!

Mr. H*** came to see me: we spoke of writings, and the figure of the characters; of legible writings, and of the duty to write legibly, which humanity so strongly enforces.—Legibility rests upon the distance of the lines, the height of the long, and the body of the short characters.

I dispatched some letters which I had written yesterday, and wrote to Mr. Iselin, who had requested my opinion on *Eberhard's Apology of Socrates*.

“ *Eberhard’s Apology of Socrates* is a well-
 “ written, truth-abounding, and luminous
 “ work, which, in many respects, *pulls ex-*
 “ *cellently down*, but does not *rebuild*. An
 “ author who calls himself a *Minister of the*
 “ *Gospel* ought to recollect that the most
 “ candid reader will expect, that, when he
 “ successfully refutes absurd scholastic no-
 “ tions, which either were occasioned by
 “ scripture, or afterwards may have been
 “ countenanced by it, he will substitute bet-
 “ ter ones in their room, and not entirely
 “ disregard and treat as not existing those
 “ scriptural notions which are just. Although
 “ I have a great respect for all enlightened,
 “ unbiassed, and enlightening geniuses in
 “ Germany; yet I do not at all like their,
 “ almost unanimous, attempts to decry as
 “ superfluous, and to vilify by their *talk* and
 “ their *silence*, the blessed person of Christ.

“ *bound* ”

“ H ”

“ He

"He himself, the great scope of all divine
 "revelations, is undervalued more and more,
 "every day; his doctrine (I mean some
 "points of his doctrine) is cried up to the
 "prejudice of his person! But his doctrine,
 "my friend, is not *himself*. He gives im-
 "mortality, but not his doctrine. *Resurrec-*
 "*tion and life in a heavenly body* are *physical*
 "things which are given us by his *creating*
 "(physical) *power*, and not by his doc-
 "trine(y)."

(y) Although this should be true, without the least re-
 striction, yet it will certainly be of greater importance,
 if we confide in the doctrine and in the resurrection of
 Christ, expect that God will give us immortality and
 eternal life, and endeavour by a faithful performance of
 the duties of Christian honesty and virtue to deserve and
 to render ourselves capable of being admitted to future
 happiness, than if we attempt to fix, more minutely than
 scripture has done, the physical causes of immortality and
 eternal life. It is necessary, with regard to our comfort
 and amendment, to know and to believe that we are im-
 mortal,

I received letters from Frankfort, along with some printed sheets of my Sermons. I could hardly refrain from reading them. How tempting, how dreadfully tempting, is it to an author, when he beholds, for the first time, a manuscript of his in *print*.

Wrote some notes, and then went to dinner. My mother sat at table, but could not eat, and dozed almost constantly. I was terrified, in the midst of the Lord's prayer, at the negligence with which I did—not pray, but only—pronounce the words.

mortal, and shall live for ever; but *how*, and by *what means*, this will be effected, that we may leave to God, who has given us that promise through Jesus Christ. As for the rest, we cannot honour and glorify Christ better, than by forming just ideas of his doctrine, and following his example and his precepts. Jesus is an uninterested physician, who has it more at heart to restore to health the sick that claim his assistance, than to give them a minute and full account of his personal qualities, powers, and prerogatives. E

Wrote

Wrote to Mr. Steiner, and afterwards continued my sermon for next Sunday.—I went several times to see how my mother did.—She slumbered without interruption.

I searched for the Festival Sermons, which I have promised Mr. Broenner, and, not finding some of them, could hardly refrain from growing impatient. I cannot possibly spare so much time to keep all my writings in proper order, although I am very partial to regularity. This source of ill humour, this inveterate enemy to love, must be removed too. I will make this one of the objects of my prayers for wisdom.

I was told that an hospital at Paris had been consumed by fire, and all its inhabitants perished in the flames.—I turned my thoughts instantly to something else, when I heard it had been inhabited by *blind* people.—I am glad I could do it; for I have to
bear

bear sufficient sufferings of my own. It is at present, while I am writing this, still in my power to keep this too tormenting idea at a distance.—Thank God! it is over!—I cannot retrieve it!—But woe unto them who wilfully, or through neglect, have been the cause of that dreadful conflagration!

I now finished my sermon, but not quite to my satisfaction. How much skill does it require *always* to say exactly *only* what one wants to say!

I read some part of my sermon to my wife, and sent to Tobler for my *Abraham*. I can truly say, that it would have afforded me pleasure, if he had been at leisure to make many corrections; but he was apparently much pleased with it in general.

After supper we read David's history when with Achis.—This is the most unaccount-

able

able part of David's life. He appears either to have been a rebel against his king and country, or a traitor to his benefactor.—It is, however, difficult to judge of individual actions, if one cannot place one's self exactly in the situation of the acting person. Divine Providence prevented David from becoming one or the other effectively.

It is surprising how our feelings depend on the least trifles. I had fastened my cap on my head, because I had been obliged to lay a cushion filled with herbs on my swelled cheek; and my hands, in which I generally hold the former during prayers, were, consequently, entirely at liberty. I did, at first, not know what was the matter with me; my devotion gained, however, evidently by it, my posture being easier and more natural—and the sense of what I was doing more unrestrained.

I pe-

I perused and corrected my sermon, shaved myself, and observed that my cheek was visibly swelled—How much such an accident can disfigure the physiognomy, and diffuse over the countenance something ignoble and awkward! How careful and cautious ought this to make me in my opinions of physiognomies, which by accidents of that kind are disfigured to their disadvantage!

SUNDAY, Jan 10, 1773.

I Delivered my sermon pretty well. Some passages of it came quite from the bottom of my heart. While praying, I could scarcely refrain from weeping at the horrid inattention with which we were standing before

our

our common Creator and Father. Alas! how much are our prayers mere sounds, and dead bodies! Where is spirit? where life and feeling?

The conversation during dinner turned on the painful situation of my aunt. She begged me to pray for her deliverance. Alas! when will my heart become sufficiently sensible and sympathising to enable me to lay the distress of others before the throne of God with the same fervor as I am wont to address myself to him in my own? I am terrified when some person desires me to pray for him; so much am I wanting in love and faith, and lively knowledge of God, to answer, only in some measure, the expectation of my brethren and sisters who confide so much in me.—I went for a few minutes to my wife, who was tolerably well; and then to my mother, who was asleep.—Miss A***

came

came to see me. I could not converse much with her, except a little on my sermon; how joy on account of God is to be produced within us. This feeling is the natural effect of faith, or religious knowledge. Look at the striking proofs of the omnipresent love of God which are placed before thy eyes—reflect upon the advantages which flow from it; imagine thyself in the situation of a person who is destitute of these proofs; acquire a sufficient knowledge, and thou wilt *feel* without difficulty!—Found thy faith on what thy eyes behold, and thou wilt enjoy what thou dost not see.

My uncle came to see me. Town news. I listened to his tale with as much attention as if I had had neither to hear, nor to do any thing else; and this produced some good reflections, which afterwards proved very useful to me. I observe and experience, in
general,

general, with a certainty that puts it beyond doubt, that this simple listening to the most indifferent conversation, that this resignation to all the dispositions of Divine Providence, even on the most common occurrences of this world, is an excellent thing, an incomparable school of benevolent humility, an excellent mean of being useful to or of deriving benefit from others.

Mr. S*** paid me a visit. We spoke of Mr. Tobler's evening sermon, and of our duty to dedicate ourselves wholly to God. We agreed that one cannot reasonably say, "I will be only middling good."—We also spoke of that, almost general, *caprice* which takes possession even of good hearts; of gross and of refined *obstinacy*; of the infinitely bad effects of this fault, which, in general, are so seldom viewed in their proper light; of the combination of the most invincible firmness

ness with the most filial compliance; &c.
&c. &c.

My visitor having left me, I went to my mother, and we read select scriptural passages, adapted for sick people. She appeared to me to be extremely weak and exhausted, yet very attentive to what I was reading.

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MONDAY, JAN. 11, 1773.

MR. Burkli sent me a catalogue of all my publications for perusal, and I was obliged to transcribe it, in order to arrange and to complete it. I was really frightened at the number of my writings, and blushed several times, because I recollected the haste in which I have composed and published some of them,

them, particularly in the earlier part of my life. I have frequently thought it would be well if I should make a rigorous criticism upon them, and either publish it myself, or order it to be published after my death. It made me a little uneasy, or rather vexed me, to observe, on this occasion, how little my most useful performances, chiefly those for children, are known in Germany, through the innocent fault of my publisher. I am ashamed of other products of my pen but poetry, or publications which are more for the learned, have found their way to Germany. I am so much the more ashamed at it, because I am certain that I must appear, and really do appear, to many, in no other light but that of an author who makes a great noise, who is nothing else but an author, and who desires to please only the learned.



I went, for a few minutes, to my mother, and then to my aunt, whom I found tranquil and easy. I was alone with her, and spent an happy half hour in her company.

Coming home, I found my *Abraham* upon the table, with a note from Mrs. B\*\*\*.—

“A single spark of Abraham’s faith would,  
 “indeed, give strength and comfort to my  
 “soul; but on what shall I found my hope?  
 “My sacrifice is consummated; I see no-  
 “thing but ashes instead of my *only* son.  
 “God has taken more from me than my  
 “heart and life. All that I can do is to  
 “prostrate myself in the dust, to adore and  
 “to weep.” — — — — —

I will write an answer to Mrs. B\*\*\*, thought I; but previously finished the catalogue of my works, wrote a few lines to her, and went to dinner. My mother was at table, but almost constantly sleeping. We spoke

very

very little. I observed her attentively, and derived, several times, unspeakable pleasure from certain reflections which were brightening up in my soul.—The knowledge of God is eternal life!—How true is this! One can, however, neither express nor describe it. Feelings have no symbols in nature; and what else are words but symbols? - - -

Mrs. St\*\*\* came for the papers of her husband. Having mislaid the papers which she had communicated to me, I was terrified at the sight of her.—Irregularity! what a source of uneasiness, uncharitableness, and ill-treatment, art thou! - - -

Mr. F\*\*\*, my brother in law, and his wife, came to see us. A town anecdote, &c. &c.

&c. The conversation turned on young Schw\*\*\*, who is to go to Marseilles. I said, with some warmth, that I thought this would not be well done; because it would be almost impossible that a young man, without public and private religious instruction, and destitute of all moral inspection, could remain only tolerably good in such a situation; although he might have the best principles. They were sorry that my advice came too late.

Wrote an answer to Mrs. B\*\*\*'s note: "You behold, indeed, nothing but *ashes*;" "but faith beholds immortality.—You have not been obliged to *kill* your only son. If you had brought your sacrifice, supported by *faith*, then you would certainly behold the *glory of God*, although your child should remain in the grave. But you wanted to reap before you had sown, to

"see

"see God before you had acquired faith.  
 "What you *see* of him in *nature*, in your  
 "*heart*, and in *scripture*, ought to induce you  
 "to *believe* in him, even when you do *not*  
 "*see*."

My brother in law, Qu—S\*\*\* came to  
 see me; and my *Abraham* just lying on the  
 table; I read the two first acts to him. I  
 am indeed, not accustomed to read my per-  
 formances to other people, although I am  
 convinced that it is very advantageous to  
 the author, because he feels the strength  
 and weakness of his writings more accu-  
 rately than any critic can disclose it to him.

P\*\*\* came. We spoke of *fanaticism*. It  
 rejects all *intermediate causes*, and is disgusted  
 with *nature*, although the whole nature proves  
 that God acts through it as our soul through  
 our body.—But where does the scripture  
 reject intermediate causes?—"When the



“scripture” (P\*\*\* observed very justly)  
“teaches an important doctrine, then it  
“never wants clearness, strength, energy,  
“pictures, and similes, to state it so that  
“every honest and attentive reader must  
“find and understand it; and if the rejection of intermediate causes were the most  
“consummate wisdom (as it is to fanaticism)  
“how distinctly ought it to be expressed in  
“holy scripture! We find, however, on  
“every page of the gospel, just the contrary.”——We could not conceive how  
the persons who occasioned this discourse  
can, nevertheless, esteem the scripture so  
highly, that they never will read any thing  
besides the Bible. We apprehended that  
they will reject it too, by degrees; at least  
look upon it as something very indifferent  
to them.

“A lively knowledge of God” (said I)

“is

“is so efficacious with respect to love and  
“humanity, that those who have attained it  
“are humility, patience, forbearance, love,  
“and resignation itself—and that in so plain,  
“simple, artless, natural, harmonious, and  
“corresponding a manner, that they do not  
“become *ridiculous*, even when they are not  
“imitated, and are insufferable.”

I was called to supper. My mother was sleeping—awoke, and was seized with dreadful pains—I could not bear to think of her sufferings, and was quite stunned.—Misery which concerns us too nearly generally stuns. I should, perhaps, be able to weep over her, and to pray with more ardour for her release, if I should hear her sufferings related, and if she were a stranger to me; but now my heart is straitened so much, that I can do neither as she deserves.

We said our evening prayers, and read the first chapter of the second book of Samuel. How great, how sublime, is David's elegy on his persecutor Saul!

Wishing my mother a good night, she said to me, "*Do not forget to remember again, to-morrow morning, poor sick people! Do not forget, nor postpone it!*"

I continued my Journal, corrected the second sheet of my Sermons on Jonas, and searched for a letter which I had received this evening, and forgot to read. I could not find it, but found another from Mr. H. a vintner, of Wuerttemberg, to Mr. S\*\*\*, which I read. I was very much struck by the words, "If our life should shine and glare with every virtue, and every one praise and speak well of us, and our fancy should make us believe that we needs *must* be saved, and our Saviour should neither  
 277 41. "approve

“approve of nor praise such a soul, then  
 “we would, nevertheless, be on the brink  
 “of a dangerous precipice. Our Saviour  
 “can always find some cause or other, why  
 “he cannot praise such a soul, although  
 “every body should do it: and *He*, our Lord,  
 “can always find some reason or other for  
 “approving of and praising such a soul, al-  
 “though the whole world should do the  
 “reverse.”—I must, however, confess, that  
 the rest of this letter did not appear to me  
 sufficiently plain, nor purely evangelical (z).  
 There are some adopted phrases and expres-  
 sions, taken from the Bible, from prayer-  
 books, and sermons, which are liable to a

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(z) The same can be applied to the passage quoted by  
 Mr. Lavater. The writer means, very likely, nothing  
 else, than that God does not always judge of us, and our  
 conduct, as men do, and that the approbation of God  
 ought to be of more value to us than that of men. E.

great



great many misapplications, and entirely contrary to the simple, sound, evangelical, and apostolical tone, although they are, at the same time, if judged with equity and indulgence, not quite so improper, as they may sound in a rigorous and critical ear.

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TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1773.

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**I AWOKE** half an hour after six o'clock. The sufferings of my mother were my first thought. Another night of woe is past!—Yes, indeed, a night of woe!—My sister came to inform us of it.—I could scarcely bear to listen any longer to her mournful tale.—

Having

Having visited my mother, and witnessed her misery with heart-felt emotion, I read the first epistle to Timothy, in the Greek Testament; the first chapters in private, and the rest with my wife, who followed me in the German translation. I cannot describe how sensible I am of the divine origin of the gospel, whenever I read it, particularly the epistles of Paul to Timothy and Titus! How sensible am I that it is impossible an impostor, or a fanatic, could write thus; and I am always seized with anger and horror against human beings who can talk, nay, only think, of imposition or fanaticism, when they hear men speak thus to men. I do not know whether it be so improper, and something of the old leaven of intolerance, when, in moments of the most sincere moral joy at the simple and plain voice of heavenly truth, I cannot look without contempt upon

upon those who are not affected by those sacred flows of the purest reason and the most cordial sensibility—and are capable to ridicule or to smile at them in a cavalier-like manner.

After dinner, I read with benefit and pleasure, in *Brecht's Observations on Basjedow's Elementary Work*, although I was enabled by the most evident experience to prove the falsity of one point or the other. It appears exceedingly humane on the paper to banish the rod. No one can be more averse from the application of the rod than myself, and I have never chastised my son with it *myself*, from fear of using it with too much passion, leaving the chastisement of him always to my more gentle wife. My child has the best of hearts, and yet I would not wish to be a father for the four first years without having recourse to the rod, as our modern physicians

physicians would not like to be physicians without *bark*. The advice of many educators to leave children to the bad consequences of their actions, looks, indeed, very specious on the paper; but whoever has had the charge of children will certainly know that, among a thousand cases, this is scarcely possible in *one* instance. The very thing which appears so *natural* in this rule, renders education *artificial*. In this point I agree with Solomon, when he says, "*He that spareth his son, hateth his son.*" I am, for instance, obliged to leave scissars and penknives on the table; it is impossible to remove them always; and if it were possible, yet I would not do it. Why not? External circumstances shall not accommodate themselves to my children; on the contrary, my children shall accommodate themselves to circumstances. They shall not learn—not to touch a penknife where there is none, but they



they shall be trained—not to touch *one* where ten are. I would leave them with all my heart to the natural consequences of their disobedience, if I were sure that they would not hurt themselves too much. But if they should damage an eye, or a hand!—O! ye wise friends of children! what would then be the consequence? I desire my child, not to touch the penknife; if he disobeys, I put it out of his reach, and give him a sensible clap on the hand, which, though ever so hard, is still a punishment more gentle than the least hurt he might receive. I believe, in general, that if one would view things in their proper light, and not with abstract notions, one would have a thousand opportunities to observe, that the author of nature punishes, or, at least, seems to punish, in an *arbitrary* manner; and that if every fault could be corrected by natural punishments, the

the all-wise Creator would not have recourse to arbitrary chastisements. How many thousand times can a ten thousand times severer *natural evil* be averted by means of arbitrary punishments! My notions of dispensations from threatened punishments also differ very much from those of Mr. Brechter; and here I am likewise guided by *experience*. The Psychology which God displays in the education of the human race, guides me in the education of my children. My son knows that he dares not touch a knife. I found, lately, a razor full of notches, and was going to put myself in a passion, but pacified myself instantly. "Have you damaged the razor in that manner?" (I asked in a serious tone). "Yes, Papa!" "Well! I will not punish you this time, because you have confessed the truth. Look! how unhappy you could have made yourself, if you had cut

"cut off a part of your finger, or the whole."  
—I would certainly have punished, or ordered him to be punished, if I had caught him in the fact.—Having, however, nothing more at heart than that my son may never tell *lies*; or, with other words, *sincerity* and *veracity* being virtues of the highest value with me, I declined inflicting the threatened punishment. Children will certainly never tell lies, except from fear of being chastised. It is, therefore, much better to acquit them of the deserved punishment, than to expose them to temptations which are too strong to be withstood. I am not at all afraid that children will grow worse on that account. One catches them but too frequently in transgressions which afford us the lamentable opportunity to execute our threats, and thus to render them efficacious. Punishment without previous menaces is cruelty; and  
not

not to punish at all, or to punish and to chastise in an arbitrary manner, is either dangerous or impossible. I intend to open my mind, one time, on that subject (perhaps in my miscellaneous works), and to appeal to the experience of all *fathers* who are *parents*.—A mistake of my servant excited my anger, but only for a few moments.

I received a note, and betrayed displeasure while reading it—rose, and was going to write an answer.—“I would moderate myself, my dear, and not return an answer “at present,” said my wife. My passion subsided instantly, and I displayed not the least anger in my reply.

Received a letter from the worthy Mr. Hedebrand, who informed me of Kraemer's death and poverty. I now have again one



burden less to bear, at least one half of it is taken from my shoulders. The stupefaction which the misery of beloved persons causes me, makes me frequently apprehend it might be hard-heartedness, insensibility, or indifference; yet I can declare, without flattering myself, that even a small distress, and an insignificant uneasiness, of one of my fellow-creatures, gives me pain, and that I always feel a heavy load taken from my heart, whenever such a distress which rather stunned than affected me ceases, and that I thank God for such a deliverance, although I should not be able to shed a tear for the living sufferer, particularly if I should see him, or if he were any way dear to me.

I now am easy at the honest Kraemer's death, but am at present too much overburthened with distress, to feel it in such a manner as I should, if I were suffering less

misery

misery of my own. I hope to God that care will be taken of those he has left behind. I can do little or nothing for them. O! if there but were a communion among Christians! it would then be easy to sell his library, without loss, for the benefit of his family (a)! Well! I will expect what God will put in my mind.

I rested a little, and then walked up and down the room. My cheek was inflamed; my wife looked at it, and found it dangerous. P\*\*\* and my brother, the doctor, came to see me. My cheek was examined, and they feared I had a tooth-fistula.—Although pains affect me very sensibly, and I know that I have very little courage to submit to the most trifling operation, so that I never could

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(a) This has really been done through the care of some very respectable divines. E.

resolve to have a tooth drawn, particularly one which is rooted so deep, overgrown, and already half gone, yet I was not afraid of this misfortune which is likely to happen.

I believe the sufferings of my mother inspired me with this fortitude. Besides, how much soever I am subject to yield to impatience in the beginning of an illness, or on the first presention of its approach, yet I become always easy, from the moment I am *obliged* to keep my bed, or to stay at home; and all days of illness have been the most tranquil and happy of my life, and proved to me real days of rest. I have never been able to enjoy myself and my friends more, and better, than on such days, and always been capable to do at least *something*. I will therefore patiently await whatever God shall send, will not take thought for the morrow. Besides, I and my friends ought frequently

frequently to have made the observation; that if I had been more of the Christian than I really am, I should find it very easy to be what I am—because I am surrounded with joys and pleasures of every kind, and that all my sufferings cannot be compared with my numberless joys and pleasures, nor are proportionate to my ability of enduring pains.—I will, with respect to this point, pray neither for nor against any thing whatever.—Amongst all bodily sufferings, I dread none more than chirurgical operations, and a fore throat—I cannot express how much the misery of Mrs. P\*\*\* distresses me!—I recollect, just now, that I have been desired to-day, by a female friend, to implore God to relieve this poor, patient sufferer.—Why can I do this easier for a friend—though not with the fervor of a heart quite replete with fraternal tenderness—than for my poor mother,

K 3



ther, although she said to me and to my brother, when we took leave of her this evening, "Do not forget to pray for me!" — Well, then! in the name of God! I will go and implore the mercy of our heavenly Father for these sufferers!

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 WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13, 1773.

I DREADED to hear how my mother had passed the night—Alas! how humiliating was the account I received! how I detest my remissness in praying!

I spoke with my wife of our children,—
 "I have a presension" (said I) "that they
 " will

"will not grow old; though they are very
 "healthy in general!"—It gave me great
 satisfaction to hear her say, with great re-
 signation, "The will of God be done!—
 "Thank God! that they exist; they have
 "not been created in vain! They are our
 "children, and children of God, whether
 "they live or die."—

My cheek pained me violently several
 times; I knocked my hand against it in get-
 ting up, and this increased my pain; yet I
 remained easy. My mother sat in a chair
 near the bed, trembling with misery, when
 I came to bid her a good morning!—I could
 say nothing to her but repeat my favourite
 passage from Klopstock:

Ever nigh is my Redeemer,
 Though concealed from mortal sight;
 Deeper in the vale of darkness
 Is my Saviour and his light.

Yonder I shall meet his mercy,
 And the blessings of his fight;
 Now, now is the time of trials!
 Soul! push boldly on the fight!

I received a letter from Mr. H***, of St. Gallen, concerning my *Essays on Physiognomy*, my *Views of Eternity*, and my *Work on Spiritual Experience*, which contained many useful remarks; but the bare idea of writing an answer, in my present situation, fatigued me; and not to return an answer would be deemed indiscretion and pride.

Wrote a letter to Mr. Haas, at Basil, concerning a small chamber printing-office for my son, which will afford him useful occupation. - - -

Alas! how much did my poor mother suffer during dinner!—My pains increased.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, Jan. 14, 1773.

I HAD, thank God! a better night than I expected; awoke at fix o'clock, and my face was tolerably easy.—My first thought was my mother, and my anxiety and inability to pray for her. I sighed, however, for relief from her pains; but without faith, without filial submission. My son, who also was a little indisposed, came to see me; and I gave him some tender admonitions.—It was near eight o'clock when I got up. I read the manuscript news-paper of H***—Almost nothing but unlucky accidents!—My mother was in violent pain. She was
lifted

lifted out of her bed ; and I could not leave the room, although I could assist her very little, being myself in great pain, and although my wounded heart which, at other times, is used to struggle against impatience, was severely afflicted at that sight.—It affords, perhaps, some comfort to a sufferer, if he only has a witness of his misery, though he should be entirely unfit to assist and comfort him ! I went to my study as soon as my poor mother was replaced in her bed. Several informations and answers which I was to give, almost had tempted me to grow impatient. I got, however, the better of it ; wrote the answers, and gave a small present to the boy who was standing before me, in order to punish myself for having yielded to impatience. I was, at the same time, cheered up by a note from a female friend. “ God certainly will not forsake you, the
50711 “ joyful

"joyful messenger of last Sunday." - - -
I continued my Journal, seated myself by the bed of my son, and told him (Brechtner had reminded me of it yesterday), that I would make a white and a black book for him; the former for his good and the latter for his bad actions; a book of *honour* and a book of *shame*. He did not dislike it. I made it instantly, and his mother too was pleased with it.—

I heard a woman groan before my door, and gave her a trifle. She went away very well satisfied.

L. J. came to see me, and we spent half an hour in mutual pleasure. We spoke of the simplicity of practical Christianity. All is love; wise piety and self-denial is nothing but love. Every act of self-denial whose scope is not love, nor does promote love, is virtuous pedantry, body without soul.

Though

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. This is a favourite idea of mine which I wish to represent to all my auditors, readers, and friends, in a manner so practical and so clear, that it should be impossible to dispute it any longer. This idea I would particularly recommend to some anxious and good minds, who fancy to honour and to please God by tormenting themselves with voluntary self-denials and bodily fatigues, without being inspired with love, and without having the wise view to acquire strength for self-denial for the sake of others, and are wont to weep and to grieve for hours, imagining to be bound to implore the mercy of God with trembling and doleful lamentations, when they have not punctually performed some self-imposed law of that nature.—But

is

is this an evangelical, a filial spirit? Is this plain, enlightened knowledge of truth?— I have had times, or rather a few days, when I too thought so servile, but now I have experienced the truth: *that wherever the spirit of God is, there is liberty.*

I received a letter from the worthy president Ulisses de Salis, who has procured employment for a poor man whom I recommended to him, and, at the same time, begged to have a catalogue of my works, of which the printer just has sent me a proof sheet.

Joy at having again a poor man less to take care of, and, perhaps, the demand of a catalogue of my works which I was going to correct, exhilarated me visibly.

— — — — — An honest Swabian with a letter from Heoslingen. It delighted me to hear him say in his simple dialect:

“ The

“The Lord our God has moved my heart
“in a particular manner; I would not take
“the whole town of Zurich for this call!”
On sitting him particularly concerning his
love, he said, in a very natural and uncommonly simple manner: “Alas! that is the
“very thing! Love is wanting; I improve,
“however, every day: a neighbour of mine
“cut a hole an inch deep in my son’s belly;
“I could have crushed him like a flea;—
“yet when I killed a swine lately, I sent
“him a piece of it, with the message that
“we would be friends again. All our differences are now made up.” I gave him
some admonitions, with the strongest conscientiousness that I have derived more benefit from him, than he from me. - - -
Mr. N*** begged me to change him some money, thanking me, at the same time, for a
small

small sum I have lent him, and begged me to have patience a little longer.—His reasons were unexceptionable, and his modesty and poverty did not suffer me to hesitate a moment to forgive him that trifling debt which I had forgot long ago.

Mr. M*** came to see me. We spoke of sufferings, prayer, and the knowledge of the unknown God—but, alas! this time almost nothing but empty words.

I went to my wife.—The swelling of my cheek was decreased by half, and I found myself extremely well. The condition in which I find myself immediately after I have suffered great pain, is to me rather a state of felicity than of mere painfulness.—

P*** came to see me; I made him lay his hand on my cheek, and he smiled like love herself, when I pressed it hard upon my face, in order to convince him that my pain had
entirely

entirely abated. We spoke of the instruction of children in religion. To relate, to describe, and to make palpable to them, without restraint and with unaffected serenity of looks, whatever in God and in Christ can inspire us with confidence and love; to represent to them with brevity and feeling our heavenly Savior, now walking through the streets, surrounded with sufferers whom he relieves; now in friendly confidential conversation with his disciples; now condescending to a conversation with a poor woman; now at dinner, or distributing nourishment among many thousand hungry people, or fondling little children, &c. &c. &c. to moralize little, and to relate many facts which rouse the moral sense, and strikes the mind.—Good God! how much more beneficial would this prove, than the eternal dry dogmatizing method of most teachers.

We

We were angry, almost to intolerance, with all catechisms, which are entirely destitute of the *moral charm of history*, related in a *palpable manner*. My sister came to tell me she fancied to observe a visible change in the state of my mother. I took leave of ~~her~~ and found she had not been mistaken. I asked my mother whether she was still in pain? "No! not at all!" was her reply. I stood by her bedside, as if animated with new life. She was, however, so altered that we feared her end was drawing near. My heart now was opened to prayer, and I implored God to cleanse her soul by all the sufferings of this world, and her inward feelings, from all ungodliness, and to animate her through simple faith, with pure heavenly love. I wrote a few notes to some friends, informing them of the situation of my mother, and recommended her to their

VOL. II. L prayers.

prayers. She desired us to go to rest. "Let me sleep! God bless and protect you! I will resign myself entirely to God!" She appeared, however, to be a little beyond herself, insisting on our going to rest, because she fancied it was past midnight.—We supped in the back room; I went several times to look after her; and opening her eyes, she wondered why I had got up. I repeated some scriptural passages to her; but she seemed not to attend to what I was saying; breathed with difficulty, and exclaimed: "breath! breath!" imagining that her dissolution was drawing near, I called my father, my brother, and my sister. They came; I prayed; she wanted to get up. "I shall not die yet," said she, and my poor father wept aloud like a child. We made her lay down again, and perceived that she was very much bloated.—I read

some hymns, and begged my family to go to bed, because we saw that no change was likely to happen. My brother and myself offered to stay with her. - - - - -

On my return to my mother, I found her very uneasy; she groaned almost all the night, overpowered with bodily agonies. I sat in the great chair 'till eleven o'clock, fighting for her. We then laid ourselves down on the bed. I was so weary and fatigued that it would have been impossible for me to continue watching and praying.

* * * * *

FRIDAY, Jan. 15, 1773.

ALAS! my dear mother will probably die to day! With this idea I raised myself up in my bed, and began to pray aloud; she seemed, however, to take no notice of it.— I went up to my wife, and staid near half an hour with her. We promised each other
 I then conversed with my good, good father, on some domestic concerns, &c. &c. &c. continued my Journal by the side of my mother, who slept sweetly in the great chair—gentle tranquillity animated my soul, which was entirely free of anxiety and impatience.

I went to my mother, repeated to her some passages

passages from the Scripture, and conversed with my brother D*** on life, death, and immortality.

My mother repeated several times ; “ Do not forsake H***, forget all his errors, and make him no reproaches ! ”

At noon we thought my mother’s last painful hour was arrived. I prayed with tears, but not like on former less important and affecting occasions.—My brother read the prayer for dying people from the hymn book, and I could now pray with fervor ; but alas ! not entirely with true, filial faith.

Mr. H*** came to see my mother ; he could, however, speak very little with her ; yet she seemed to understand every word he said. He now prayed for her, and we joined him. The great number of people standing around her, seemed to make her uneasy ; we retired,

therefore, a little, and kept up a useful conversation for half an hour. "How little," (we said, almost unanimously) "how little" "useful can one be to dying people! How" "little can we say to them with the least" "hope of success, particularly when we" "have no thorough knowledge of the sick" "person, nor have been used to converse" "with them in a confidential strain."——

Some reflections on the blessing which, oftentimes, attends the most indifferent and, within themselves, fruitless actions and discourses, which, consonant with the situation in which we are, originate from sincere faith in the all protecting providence of God, and from obedience to our duty, &c. &c. &c.

The worthy, modest, and enlightened Mr. Sch. H***, of Hirzel, came to see us, and I enjoyed his company with great benefit for half an hour. We conversed on prayer for wisdom;

wisdom ; on not sorrowing for the following day with regard to moral improvement ; on the essential equality of repentance, and faith as the most important part of our actions, viz. *the consciousness of our wants, and the expectation that these wants can be satisfied by what we are doing.*—We also spoke of unevangelical anxiety and fanaticism.—I have nothing to accuse myself of, with respect to what I was speaking of ; I must, however, confess that I was visibly destitute of Christian simplicity, humility, and filial resignation. My wife reminded me of my mother, who was taken out of the bed when I entered her room. I called my friend P*** in ; but she did not know him ; at least she said nothing: she was sitting in her easy-chair half alive and half dead. My friend and myself were equally sensible how impossible it would be

to produce a moral effect on any human being so ill and suffering in *such* a manner. Whatever such a person sees and hears, has almost as little effect on her as on a corpse. We started, at the same time, some reflections on the state of the soul, or rather of the invisible man after death. I mentioned some beautiful strokes of my mother's character.

I received a letter from the pious widow, G*** of S***, in which she enquired after the continuation of my secret Journal; I confess that, since I have again begun to write a journal, though not always regularly, I have frequently thought that it is an occupation not entirely fruitless. I am, at least, convinced that in writing it, I have no temptation to dishonesty, and that I confess my faults and weaknesses as far as it may
tend

tend to be useful to others. I confess them *without fear*, nay I may say, *with more sincerity than my good qualities.*

At supper I spoke of the hard trials of a man who lives at Tatlingen, and called to-day at my house. One of his children fell down from the oven, and died on the spot; another out of the windows, yet without receiving any hurt; a third has been severely cut with an axe, and a waggon has gone over himself, but without doing him any material injury. He also related to me, (Oh! how did my heart, which so frequently is of so little faith, and so averse from praying, beat and cover me with blushes), that he had a very wicked son, whose heart was harder than flint, and who had never wished him a good day; that he, however, had prayed to God to convert him, and that he now was the best, most obedient, gentlest, and

and kindest of sons, and one heart and soul with him (b).—

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

We read the sixth and seventh chapter of

(b) Christian reader, pray for thy wicked and abandoned son, brother, friend, &c. &c. &c. This prayer, if consonant with reason, and if fervent, will render thee the more willing and capable to work with a gentle spirit, and indefatigable zeal his amendment and repentance. But do not think that thy prayers alone will effect his conversion in a miraculous manner. God has never promised any thing of that kind; and if prayers could have that effect all men would, long ago, have been pious and virtuous. The honest countryman of whom the author is speaking has probably been promised by his prayers to endeavour to gain the heart of his son, to treat him with more gentleness and kindness, and not to suffer himself to be deterred or galled by fruitless attempts, and thus he has succeeded, assisted by the providence of God who rules every thing, in softening his heart, winning his reciprocal love, and enforcing his admonitions. E.

Samuel

Samuel II. and the hymn for sick people, &c. &c. &c.—My good father spoke afterwards very tenderly and christianlike to my mother, and shed many bitter tears. She was likely to live twenty-four hours longer. Most of my family went to bed; but I sat up sometime longer, not only an account of my mother, because I could give her no relief, but in order to finish a prayer, containing a *confession of sins*, which my father had desired me to write for him. Alas! every word I wrote stung *me* to the heart; yet this was far from being a lively sense of my own unworthiness.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, Jan. 16.

ALAS! how much have I to meditate, and how little am I able to do it! The most common man would perhaps make me ashamed. Yet I cannot help being surrounded with that bustle.—I will now, at this noontide hour, sit down and draw a sketch of the incidents of this day. This afternoon, if it please God, I may be more disposed to reflect.—

The servant came after four o'clock in the morning to tell me she fancied a change would happen.—I got up in a hurry; my wife was much frightened; I pressed her hand tenderly, went and saw her to whom I owe my life, breathe with difficulty.—Her eyes grew dim, and I implored God to have
mercy

mercy upon her.—My eldest sister was praying too. I went to awaken my father; prayed and reflected how much more useful I could have been to my mother than I really was, and prayed with more ardour. I inclined myself towards her, and reminded her, softly, and as distinguishable as my tears would allow, of the comforting promises of God. Half an hour after four o'clock she was a lifeless corpse.

I cannot recollect what I said to those that were in the room when she died; I only know that I endeavoured to remind them forcibly of their mortality and immortality. I then read to them that part of the *farewell hymn of a dying person*, which was applicable to our situation. My mother was dressed in a shroud, and I went to my wife, and then to my father. I had no time to reflect on myself,

myself, my afflicted parent being the first object of my attention.

I wrote some notes to several friends, and then went for a few minutes to my wife, who had my boy, who is very sickly with her.—“Yes!” (said we one to another),

“Yes! we will act in every individual moment of our life as we, on our death-bed,

“shall wish to have acted; we will execute

“with tranquillity every, even the most

“worldly business, if it *must* be done, and do

“every thing as if we had nothing else to

“do in this world, and as if it were our last

“occupation.”

I received a letter from Sch***, “God

“bless your family through you, *particularly*

“*now!* May many a word of everlasting

“blessing flow from your lips for them!

“Oh! raise them above the vanity of this

“world—and then teach and learn how to

“live;

"live; that you one time may see your
 "friends die with joy unutterable."

I was to give a manuscript to a person
 for to take a copy, and lost near a quarter of
 an hour with fruitless searches.—Impatience
 began to raise her head powerfully, and
 displayed herself, at least, in my looks. An-
 other trifling incident encreased my impa-
 tience. I grew, however, soon easy again.
 All my impatience is, on such occasions,
 soon silenced, if I only can refrain from
speaking.

I received a little treatise from Strasbourg,
The Sacrifice of Isaac, which I hastily perused;
 but not with great emotion of heart, because
 it was only one sheet, and I wanted a little
 rest; yet I found a line in it which I will
 insert in my *Abraham*.
 Some short visits.—Comforted an afflicted
 person

" person by the idea : " What I can not
 " do God can ; God is greater than my
 " heart ! " - - - - -

A note from Miss M^{***}, " I only must
 " add," (says she), " that I very frequently
 " have read with unutterable pleasure the
 " words :

" Nearer to eternal blessing

" Leads thee God through every night ;

" What he gives and takes is blessing

" Trust in his paternal might !

" Peace ! my soul ! look up rejoicing

" To his all-paternal grace ;

" Mercy are his words and mercy

" Are for ever all his ways ! "

My wife told me at dinner, that our
 little boy is growing very ill ; and he looked,
 indeed, very pale. I can truly say, that
 having been freed of a great burden by my
 suffering mother's release from misery and
 woe, I was so satisfied with God that this
 information

information did not affect me very much.—He will always be under the protection of God.—After dinner I went to my aunt, who seemed to be very weak, and on the brink of the grave.—I do not expect her to live many days longer. I spoke to, and prayed with, her as well as I could, that is very faintly.—My prayer would have been more fervent, if a lively *experience* on my part had had a greater share in it.

I was obliged to retire for a few moments.—My uncle related, meanwhile, the history of her illness.—I scarcely heard what he said, my attention being occupied with too many other things, “I also am a shadow, * encircled by the light of God—a handful “ of dust, animated by an invisible, unexplorable power.” This *truth* struck my soul forcibly—I was called up stairs, staid a little while with my aunt, and seeing that

she was inclined to sleep, recommended her to the mercy of God.—

On my way to my house, I called on an artist who had painted my mother lying in her coffin, as serene as a redeemed, who has conquered. I could not help telling him: "Indeed! I could never believe that the dead will rise, if I did not believe in the resurrection of Christ (c)!" The first

(c). Christ has indeed, *brought to light*, by his gospel and resurrection, life and immortality; a blessing for which we never can be thankful enough. All other arguments for the immortality of the soul are too difficult to be understood by the generality of mankind; and even those who can comprehend them, are not always entirely eased by them. But we ought nevertheless, not to reject nor to decry and to weaken these arguments. They come from God, as well as those particular promises of the divinity, and have a great weight with him who has learnt to reflect on God, on himself, and on his present state. Christianity was never intended to render human reason useless or contemptible, but to aid and to lead her to the path of truth.

E.

man

man who announced and promised *resurrection*, a physical life in a new animated body—died, and was dead, as sure as my mother here in the coffin—and returns to life again. Here all metaphysical reasoning is cut off at once, that specious reasoning which, against *all experience*, talks of *living without a body*, of souls as *of souls*, and separates what God ever and everywhere has joined.—Here, experience, fact, *resurrection of one who was dead*, is placed before our eyes! If we behold matters in this light, how much gratitude do we owe to the first harbinger and the first witness of *immortality*, not of the *soul*, but of *man, of man!*

My little boy begged me to show him his grand-mama; I carried him down stairs, and he viewed her attentively, without saying a word. I said nothing to him, except

at last: "This is a body without a soul,
" and, for that reason, it is dead. What
" has animated this body, though one could
" not see it, is the spirit." "Where is now
" the spirit?" he asked,—“With God” was
my reply, “from whom it came.”

Oeconomical concerns—I then described
the misery of a sick person.—I fancied now to
be freed of all misery, and strong enough to
bear all foreign and personal distress, because
God has taken from *me* the misery of my
mother; but, alas! the misery of Mrs. S^{***},
who implores the pity of all men, is still
greater than the sufferings, the weight of
which almost crushed my sainted mother.

Oh! my unspeakably good God and
father! give me a pure, humane, and tender
heart, which is as much affected by the
misery of others as by its own, and equally
eager

eager to procure relief, comfort, and aid to all fellow-sufferers! There is still a leaven left in my heart, which frequently steals from me the sublime happiness of pure, unmixed fraternal love. Is it indolence, vanity, too much self-conceit, or what is it that, as it were, fetters my love?

A heedless person in the house of correction afforded us, after my return up stairs, an opportunity to speak of different degrees of crimes, and of the immorality of certain sins. We spoke afterwards of the English clergyman Duchal—of the happiness that flows from the submission to the will of God, and from our accommodation to it.—The more we obey, the greater our dominion will be—not only beyond the grave—but already here. No life is more tranquil and more evidently blessed, than the artless and childlike life, accommodating itself quickly

to every hint of divine providence (*d*). However, if it please God, I shall elucidate this better on some other opportunity.

P^{***} was with us, and we spoke of those

(*d*). We must certainly accommodate ourselves to external circumstances, consider them with respect to their dependance on God and his will, and willingly and faithfully take hold of every opportunity of being useful and kind to others? but we neither can, nor ought to accommodate ourselves *only* to external circumstances. *Reason* instructs us as well and generally surer of what God will we shall do in every individual case, than the external things around us. *We can* and *ought* to see farther than *children* can see. Children are generally guided merely by present objects and incidents, but *we* ought also to reflect on the more distant consequences of our actions, and to compare what is present with what is to come. Our conduct can, therefore, not be entirely like their's. The child is governed by sensible impressions, the *man*, however, is guided by principles of the justness of which he is convinced. And how many are the duties of our calling, situation, and employment from the accurate and immediate performance of which no external circumstances dare prevent us!

whom

whom Scripture calls *ungodly*, and of the internal natural health of soul with respect to love. *The merciful shall obtain mercy; the loving shall be beloved.* Of nothing in the world am I surer than that love is the chief ornament of human nature. We can never be tired of love; love can never create disgust and aversion.—Love is joy, on account of the happiness of others; and to endeavour to make our fellow creatures happy, is the surest way to render ourselves happy. All love that can make us repine is self-interested and selfish, how little soever we may think so. All verbal knowledge, verbal prayers, and all that is symbolical and typical, is nothing, but scaffolding is only a light covering of the soul, is only local and temporal matter. Love is sentiment and life, not type nor word. All scaffolding, all symbols must vanish in the hour of death;

love only remains. So much love we take along with us into eternity, so much, and not more, happiness will attend us. The value of our faith is always proportionate to its producing love in a moral manner; faith is valuable only as a *mean*, but not as a *scope*. Faith works only in a moral way; and what is all faith enforced by the Gospel, but *intuitive perception of the love of God*? We have believed and known the love which God bears us. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. God is love—If we believe this, then we can and shall become love as he is love, give as he gives, and forgive as he has forgiven.—

I continued my Journal, but could hardly keep my eyes open, because I had slept very little last night, and was obliged to go to bed. However, before I went to sleep, I read first a letter from a young lady to her
instructor

instructor in religion, communicated to me by a friend of mine. One of the chief ideas that adorn this letter, is the following :

" I will constantly remember the following
 " three head sources of virtue: *the constant*
 " *reflection on death; the part divine provi-*
 " *dence takes even in the most trifling incidents;*
 " *and the loveliness of religion in general.* I
 " will closely adhere to these ideas, which are
 " the sources of all virtues; will never lose sight
 " of them, and then I hope your labour in the
 " Lord will not be in vain."—

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 SUNDAY, Jan. 17, 1773.

I WAS sent for by my aunt, as soon as I awoke, because she was very weak and distressed



treffed in her mind. I found her, indeed, very faint and comfortless; this was, however, the natural consequence of her constitution and illness. I was obliged to struggle very hard, in order to get rid of the drowsiness which lay heavy on my eyes. I read to her the confession of sins which I had composed yesterday. I find, indeed, that if one cannot speak directly, and in a most confidential manner to sick people (a very uncommon case), one can, by means of prayers and hymns, convey to their mind every thing one ought to say, and yet dares not venture to say without offending and losing the most necessary confidence, provided one does not neglect the natural precaution to begin with *general subjects*, and to become by degrees more special and affecting.—

Being again in private, I reflected on funerals, grave, and other similar things.—

William

Mr.

Mr. Sch<sup>er</sup>, my brother-in-law, came to see me. We spoke of an action which, at first sight, appeared to be very mean. I was very angry at it, at first; however, cooler reflection convinced me that I had been too precipitate. I imagined myself in a similar situation, and we agreed that a great deal of the seeming injustice of that action disappeared. It is one of the most common vanities of good hearts, that they put themselves too precipitately and too violently in a passion, on account of certain actions and certain kinds of behaviour.—It looks so moral and so sentimental, to assume a scornful air on occasion of certain faults committed by *other people*; but, alas! how masterly do pride and censoriousness conceal themselves behind that look! I will accustom myself to change names, and to imagine myself in the room of others—and never to lose

lose sight of myself in criticising others. . .

- - - After dinner, short visits. Continued my Journal. Stifled anger, because I had called my servant in vain, four or five times, and received a letter from a friend who informed me that he would not come to see me, being afraid to be troublesome, on account of my present situation.—P<sup>\*\*\*</sup> came, "How are you?" "I do not know of it myself; I am, however, easy with respect to the past sufferings of my mother; but nevertheless not quite free of care in many other respects."—He went with me down stairs to see the corpse. I stood at the top of the coffin, and my friend on one side. Both of us complained of the scarcity of important ideas and feelings at so important a sight (c). "The body in which I

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(c). However important the objects we see and hear may be, yet they cannot always produce the same lively and

began to exist, and to grow a living being, now lies inanimate, cold, and stiff, before me.—What is my eye that sees it, and the closed eye that does not see? What is life and death?" So I thought after my friend had left me—went to the apartment of my wife, seating myself silently by her side, gave vent to my reflections, and was absorbed in soft, devout, and sweet meditations, and prayer. - - - My father sent for me, to read a sermon to him, and to my brother-in-law. Although I had longed very much

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and deep impressions on our mind. In this matter a great deal depends on our bodily disposition, and on the preceding train of ideas and occupations, and frequently on trifling circumstances which are not in our power. Pious Christian do, therefore, not sorrow nor complain, if thou canst not think nor feel so much good, nor raise thy good ideas and feelings to such a degree of liveliness and strength as thou wishest. The more anxiously thou wilt strive to effect it, the less thou wilt succeed. E.

for



for this solitary hour, and was in a fair way to pray most fervently, and to enjoy the happiest raptures in God—yet I rose after a few moments. Every call of providence shall be performed by me (this is my ardent desire), so quickly, so willingly, and child-like, as if it were the immediate voice of God. I searched amongst my sermons for a proper one, and found one on the words: “*Therefore watch ye, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Lord cometh.*” I read it, and my heart smote me. Alas! I sleep frequently, and watch seldom. How frequently ought I still to fear the coming of the Lord! How frequently would he not find me in *his business*! — — — I spoke with a female friend, who came to see my wife, of the evening sermon (with indifference), of my situation: of the turn of my heart at the death of my mother. She could

could not conceive how I could have stood the sight of her death, and that of my two best friends, the darlings of my heart.——

I replied: “I rather will witness such a scene, than not see it. Imagination represents such scenes always more dreadful than they are in nature. Besides, there always occur so many incidents which moderate our sensibility, occupy and divert the mind, &c. &c. &c. that I could stand those scenes pretty well. I was frequently not able to weep; though every one around me wept; but afterwards, when I was in private, the longing of love and the melancholy of painful desire awoke.

When sitting with them in private, I enjoyed their society as much as possible, and could not endure the idea of their death, their absence and disappearance. The funeral

" funeral of Felix Hefs almost overpowered  
" me, and yet his brother was left me.  
" Both of us could hardly bear his loss ; we  
" missed him everywhere ; but when the  
" second brother died too, I was almost  
" stupified. - - - Our feelings are  
" in general, not in our power." - - -

We spoke of other important matters ; of  
life and death, hope and doubt, Christ and  
immortality. - - -

Our friend left us, and Mr. Tobler came  
to see me. I spent a very pleasant hour in  
his company. I wish I were at leisure to  
repeat our whole conversation. We spoke  
a great deal of the sufferings of the deceased,  
of her good qualities and her death, and her  
probable fate after death ; of the great ig-  
norance in which we are kept with respect  
to the invisible animating part of man ; of  
the unspeakably comforting historical cer-  
tainty

tainty of Christ's resurrection, of the natural doubts concerning immortality and re-animation to which man is subject at the sight of a sick or a dying person, and of the supporting power of Evangelical Revelation with respect to this point ;—of visiting the sick ; of our inability to command our feelings, of the intuitive knowledge of feelings that originate in a natural manner ; of the sound and single eye which sees every thing as it is and not as we wish it to be ; of the wisdom of sacrificing ourselves always to providence, and of submitting to every call of our heavenly father ; of the striking strokes in the history of Christ, who always submitted in that manner to providence ; of the sameness of moral sufferings and actions—farther : of my father, his good nature, his singular love of equity ; of his anxious care to wrong no one, and always to examine whether every



one has received his due, and something more over and above, &c. &c. &c.

I continued my journal in my wife's apartment after my friend had left me.—The frequent useless and teasing questions which my little boy troubled me with almost provoked me to impatience.

At table—my thoughts were constantly occupied with my mother.—“Will she have  
“nothing to complain of against thee before  
“that incorruptible judge, who dwells in  
“heaven, and before his holy angels?”

When I was going to bed, and wished a good night to my little son who was just awake, he said: “Papa! do you know what  
“I am thinking? I reflect on all the good  
“grand-mama has done me.”—I rejoiced at it, and blessed him.

MONDAY,

MONDAY, JAN. 18, 1773.

I AWOKE at six o'clock, and sang Gel-  
 lert's hymn. *My life glides rapidly along, &c.*  
 &c. &c. I was extremely lazy and stretched  
 out in my bed as if I had no soul. The re-  
 collection of my absent brother who, by this  
 time, probably will have received the news  
 of my mother's death, and, without doubt,  
 will shed the bitterest tears on that account,  
 roused my feelings, and excited me to pray  
 for him and for myself. - - - - -

I went to my father.—A distressing day for  
 him!—He requested me to read to him  
 the daily *morning prayer* from Weisse's prayer  
 book. Some obscure expressions which I  
 was sure would not be understood, disturbed  
 my attention a little.—After prayer I went

to see the coffin which had been carried out of the alcove, and placed in the passage. I removed the covering, and shed a filial tear over her corpse. - - - - We did not suffer the coffin to be screwed up yet, because my mother had observed the same rule with respect to all those who had died in our family. - - - -

I continued my Journal, and was called to breakfast. The beautiful groupe which was assembled almost moved me to tears; my dear wife in the bed; little Henry at her left, and Nanette on her stool upon two chairs before the bed. She was giving them their soup; I took a pencil, and drew a sketch of that family-scene on a slip of paper. "But you forget one person that belongs to the groupe, and shares our pleasure!" my wife said, smiling. - - - - Now my joy was complete—God bless you, ye darlings

lings of my heart ! the giver of joy, God—  
God blefs you !

As soon as breakfast was over I went to imprint this scene indelibly on my mind.—  
It is fo extremely sweet to recollect fuch  
fcenes, particularly if they occur on days  
which are rendered remarkable by other  
incidents.

We fpoke at my aunt's, to whom I paid a  
vifit, of books of devotion, and of Trefcho's  
Bible for dying people, which was lying on  
the table.—I judge very reluctantly of books  
of that fort ; I almost dare neither recom-  
mend, nor difapprove one. It is cruel to  
make fick people loathe a book from which  
they derive comfort and edification ; but it  
is, at the fame time, very dangerous to  
recommend a book which contains fo many  
confused, obfcure, unevangelical and mis-  
applicable things, and is not written in the



found and manly tone of the Gospel that elevates our heart and our soul, and, nevertheless, contains many good and excellent passages which may overbalance all mischief that might arise from its defects. But where can we find a book of that sort which would be called perfect? I am always perplexed when I am desired to point out one. All the books of devotion which I can recommend in some respect, as for example: *Tobler's*, *Spinks's*, some collections of hymns, the Meditations of the Ascetic Society, &c. &c. are far from being what is wanted and wished for, and do not enlighten the mind, and warm the heart at the same time. They contain too many passages which can be read only to *few* sick people, and too much common place matter; are either too special, or written in a language which the sick are either too much used or entire strangers

strangers to. They are, in general, very excellent for people who are used to reading; however, amongst a hundred sick people are scarcely two who are accustomed to it. One ought to publish no prayer, no hymn, nor meditations for sick people, before they have been tried at the sick bed, and polished till they fit exactly. I have composed several, and found that few of them are applicable. In this respect too I ought to pray to God for wisdom.

I received a note from a bookbinder, and I was rather angry at his supposed indiscretion to trouble me on *such* a day, and said on opening it: "could he not have sent at some other time?" why must he send to-day? — However, it contained an apology for his not being able to assist at the funeral of my mother, his wife being ill. I changed my

N 4

language

language instantly, and blushed a little. The coffin was going to be forewed up, and I went down stairs. My mother was not at all disfigured; her lineaments being rather prettier and more expressive than at any time of her life. I put my hand once more for the last time to her cold forehead.—My brother stood silent, and with weeping eyes by the side of the coffin, myself at the top, and my eldest sister close by me. The lid of the coffin now was shut—I removed it once more after the rest of the company was gone.—It now was screwed up; I leaned myself against the coffin which stood on a table in the back part of the house, and thanked God with tears for all the good he has bestowed on me through my mother who now enjoys her eternal rest.

Alas

Alas! how much more grateful could I have been!—Reward her, merciful God! and do what is no longer in my power!—*Forgive! she too has forgiven!*—This was my first thought; and my second, when will my coffin be screwed up. When shall my wife, my children, my friends, and my kindred stand around my coffin? and what shall I then be?

My guardian Angel has already fixed the spot

Where in dark night my mortal frame shall rot;

Perhaps the oaken boards which then shall hide

My clay-cold corpse, by my ancestors side,

Were cut ere now, to form the darksome lodge

Where I shall rest with them to rise again;

What God immortal made cannot the grave retain!

The coffin was carried out, and covered with a white and a black cloth; every pin which it was fastened with renewed the idea in my mind; again a step farther removed from



from me!—thus thou wilt be covered one day!

—I went to the apartment where the mourners were assembled, and was silent and absorbed in meditation. They were speaking of the most trifling subjects.—I went mournfully down stairs, and stood before the house almost petrified. The weather was very bad, the coffin carried out of the house, and I almost wept, because I could not shed a tear of love, at a sight of such a nature. My stupefaction was easily accounted for; I endeavoured, however, to divert my thoughts as little as possible, and prayed as well as I could at church, and in going home.—At supper we spoke of my mother's illness and death, and of the judgment after death.—I could not repel the idea: “all of us,”—and then my looks wandered from one to the other—“every one of us will die  
“one

“one day, either before, or with, or after  
 “me; either of an illness or suddenly—and  
 “what will then be the situation of the  
 “dying, the dead, or the living?”—I viewed  
 one eye after the other: “Thou wilt break—  
 “wilt be close one day; wilt see no longer,  
 “nor be seen!”—said I, softly to myself—  
 and then heaved a deep sigh: “O God!  
 “open my eyes that I may see what I am,  
 “and what will become of me!”

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 TUESDAY, Jan. 19, 1773.

I AWOKE for the first time in my life to
 find neither a living nor a dead mother in
 my house. I search in vain for a mother
 who, notwithstanding all her failings, was an
 extraordinary

extraordinary faithful parent.—Not even a shadow of her can I see! She has been so good to me, and alas! I have returned her so very little! So soon (although her sufferings lasted long for her), alas! so soon has she been taken from me—is gone for ever, before I could enjoy her, before she could enjoy me, as a mother, with *her* virtues, and a son with *my* sentiments ought to have enjoyed one another during the fleeting days of a toilsome life. O! God! if I had but been endowed with more skill and with a heart more compliant to correct her foibles, and to make a good use of her excellent qualities! The knowledge of the human heart, which experience has taught me, would now have enabled me to take more advantage of the many virtues she displayed, and rather to build on this foundation than merely to combat her faults, either by words,
looks,

looks, or anger.—And yet I have done this so very rarely, and now can do it no more! —What reproaches would my heart make me on that account, if I only were humble and honest enough to listen to its reprobating voice.—Well then! although this cannot be retrieved nor repaired with respect to *her* person, yet I have five sisters and brothers, the children of this mother, who is fled for ever; I have an old, good, honest, and infirm father. I will make it my chief business to give so much the more pleasure, and to be so much the more useful to these objects of my tenderness. I will repay to them what I have neglected in a most blameable manner with respect to my mother, who distinguished me so eminently, and sought and valued my company in so abasing and flattering a manner.—I will (for the mercy of God is not confined to a few days, and

and Jesus Christ is the Lord of the dead and the living), I will sincerely, and with filial submission, implore the father of spirits to present their souls unblameable and unreprieveable on the day of Jesus Christ! - -

- - - - - The world, at least my friends will, perhaps, expect that these and similar thoughts and sentiments have occupied my soul on the first morning when I found my mother neither dead nor alive in my house; this they will, perhaps, justly expect of a man who preaches in prose and in verses to his country, and to the world, and who ever has done moralizing; but the world and my friends will, in this case, be very much mistaken. - - - - -

I awoke, on this first motherless morning, without any thoughts and sentiments, as indolent, as inanimated piece of flesh, as callous as a stone.—Alas! when shall I
awake

awake from this sleep (*f*)? I rose with reluctance, but came, by degrees, a little to myself, and went to begin my occupations.—Almost the whole day was dedicated to æconomical business, which left me little time for reflections on myself.—I went to rest at eleven o'clock, dissatisfied with myself, and yet not without hope.

* * * * *

(*f*). Where can we find that man who always could use his intellectual powers as he wishes to do? who is not sometimes more flesh than spirit, who should not frequently be involved against his will, in insensibility and inactivity? The greatest philosophers, and men of the nicest sensibility, are, perhaps, most frequently subject to such, although disagreeable, yet unavoidable changes.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 20, 1773.

I AWOKE half an hour after six o'clock from horrid dreams, and very tired. Oh! Lord! open my eyes, that I may see what I ought to see (g)!

(g). Do not expect, Christian reader, that God will instruct thee by dreams, for he has never promised it, and we have surer means to know his will. Whoever listens to dreams is in great danger to be deceived by his imagination and to be misled. When the body is sleeping, the soul can, indeed, represent to herself certain things more lively and clearly than when it is awake, or hit upon certain ideas which she would not have found in a waking state; yet she never can foresee, with a degree of certainty, future events, neither in one nor in the other case. I do not doubt but the author is of the same opinion. He esteems scripture and reason too much, and knows the turns of the human soul too well, than to give much credit to dreams.

E.

A short

A short reflection on the existence and the death of my mother, reminded me that my life is suspended by a hair.—I endeavoured to raise my heart to God; but the overburdened and giddy heart did not find him. I was obliged to get up and to resume an occupation which I have begun yesterday; I did it almost with reluctance; however, it could not be postponed.

Received a letter from a female friend, &c. &c. &c. God knows that my heart always condemns me when I am praised more than I deserve, though it should be done with the best and most unflattering view; for, suppose I really had all the good qualities which are ascribed to me, and which still are very imperfect, why do not those that praise me speak also of my faults and bad inclinations, which cannot possibly escape the notice of my intimate friends, my

heart being so communicative, and my character so open? Or, if they do not like to speak of what they must observe, why does their knowledge of my failings not lower the description they give of me? Not only love, but friendship too must be blind, if it were possible that one of my friends could overlook the lightness and levity of my character, and the many proofs I give of vanity, laziness, neglect, and sensuality, so very humiliating to me.

P*** came to see me; we spoke of Wieland, &c. &c. &c. Mrs. G*** informed me of her being very much distressed about the money for the board of her son, a very clever boy. The whole sum amounting to no more than four guilders, I gave it her, from the money which my father had given me for the poor in the name of my mother, and she accepted it with gratitude.

I went

I went to put my papers in order, and was frequently obliged to have recourse to the idea: *it must be done!*—I can not do a greater work of charity than this; not only because it pleases my wife, who is so fond of regularity, nor because I am enabled thereby to restore the property of every one who has lent me books or manuscripts, and is either too polite or too negligent to remind me of my impoliteness and negligence; but chiefly because the constant searches for papers or books rob me of my time and good humour.—Ill humour is the most noxious poison to the soul; ill humour is the first natural effect of searching; and not finding, is the consequence of irregularity, which always has this bad effect, although it be owing ever so little to neglect, or ever so unavoidable.—The sight of the crowded tables, chairs, chests, &c. &c. &c. the prospect which next week, when I hardly shall have a moment

to spare, offered to my mind, and some pressing business, which could not be delayed, invited ill-humour with a loud voice. —My assistant cheered me up. L. Z. came, and I was glad to see him. I was, indeed, at first, rather uneasy on account of my business, and because I had not one empty chair to offer him; I recovered, however, my serenity very soon, and enjoyed his company for half an hour with great satisfaction. We spoke of our duty to listen to the voice of religion in all situations. — I wish to see but one instance when love should not know how to steal upon us; I wish to see that insignificant, inane, dry occupation for the performance of which all-sufficient love could not afford us light and warmth (*h*). -

(*h*). It is certainly very excellent when a sincere, cordial love to our fellow creatures animates us in whatever

I wish I could always record the ideas which frequently occur to my mind much easier in a confidential discourse with a friend, who is a lover of truth, than when I am meditating ever so seriously. I can, indeed, not part with the idea, that if I were more at leisure, I could write nothing more useful and entertaining for my children and friends, and, perhaps, for the world too, than a complete Journal; however, I can not spare so much time. If I am brief, the advantage which I shall derive from it will, indeed, be

we have to speak or to perform with or for them, and when it renders important, and sweetens even our most trifling and insignificant occupations and services. However, I caution thee, Christian reader, in the name of the author, not to mistake for symptoms of love, the friendly mien and countenance, the smooth and fawning tone of voice, and the wheedling deportment, whereby love sometimes is *meant* to discover itself, nor to despise and to condemn those who are not tuned to that key, but are colder and more serious in their deportment, though more sincere and honest.

E.

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great

great enough ; but then it will afford very little benefit to my friends and my son, after my decease, and for that reason, I have frequently wished for a serene and tranquil day, when I should be disposed to design general short hand characters, which would save me, at least, half the time and paper, if accustomed to them.—One of the principal ideas which this evening flashed upon my soul with a glaring light (ought not every one to record the birth-days of his best ideas)? was the following : “ The merit, soundness, and
“ integrity, of a Christian system of religion,
“ can be fixed in three different ways.
“ There are three different kinds of examination by which it can be put to the test.
“ I. It must be entirely consonant with the
“ whole system of the whole spirit of Divine
“ Revelation. *All and every* individual parts
“ of Revelation must have a reference to
“ those ideas which one calls one’s religion.
“ Religion

“Religion must not only be *uniform*, it must,
“at the same time, be adapted to the most
“different-seeming manners of conception
“of its authors, distinguished and impower-
“ed by God ; word and spirit, example and
“fate of Christ must centre in these
“notions in the most harmonious manner.
“II. It must always be parallel with the
“noblest, purest, and most sublime inclina-
“tions and sentiments of every sound human
“heart.—The best human heart must be its
“prototype. III. It must be applicable to
“all situations of our life ; must not desire us
“to change the nature of things, but enable
“us to be tranquil, content, and happy in
“the existing nature of things. It must be
“applicable to all mankind, at all times, at
“all places, and in all situations, and capable
“to display itself through actions and suf-
“ferings.”—This idea is not quite ripe,

however, it charms me. In the afternoon I paid a short visit to Mr. P***. We spoke of my mother, of her sufferings, of the unspeakably unhappy Mrs S***, who suffers still more than my parent did, of love, of the shortness of life, &c. &c. &c. P*** was just writing a sermon on love, the chief points of which I will imprint on my memory. I. *The sacrifice of our wealth, nay of life itself, is not sufficient to constitute love.* II. *In love every thing depends upon the state of our heart.* III. *Love shows itself through various effects, and distinguishes itself in the clearest manner from the false appearance of love.* IV. *Without love all pretensions to Christianity are false and useless.* Wieland's *Golden Mirror* was lying on the writing desk. An excellent frontispiece! a happy family. P*** was half enchanted with the beautiful ideal of an happy people which he had found

found in it. He communicated to me several other ideas from this book, which pleased me extremely well. I should like to read it, if I could spare so much time. Such performances, written with so much taste, knowledge of the human heart, and of mankind, and so much ingenuity—are certainly excellent food for many souls. How little soever I can be entirely satisfied with Wieland (not because he is jocund, but because he is sometimes wanton and offends decency), yet I read none of his performances without benefit. Nay, I must confess (I would do it publicly, if I did not foresee that many weak and erroneously devout minds, particularly those whom Wieland calls: *Hermaphrodites of hypocrisy and fanaticism*, would misunderstand my confession, and make an ill use of it). I must confess that many ascetic works, as they are called, do
not

not afford me that benefit (not to mention the improvement of my taste, which has so great an influence on *morality*) which I derive from some passages in his writings. It cannot be denied, that it is offensive to a heart which is not lost to every sense of virtue, to meet with passages which one can read neither aloud nor silently without blushing. The vehicle of what is really good is sometimes more efficacious than the medicine itself. I look upon it as if one were to give to a person a bitter medicine mixed with a sweet poison. However, P*** has told me that this last publication of Wieland is, without comparison, better and more generally useful than all his former ones(*i*).

(*i*) I have read this work, and have read it with a pleasure which has been interrupted by nothing but the end of it. Happy the excellent author, and happy the public, which almost devours his original and pleasing writings,
if

THURSDAY, Jan. 21, 1773.

I AWOKE at seven o'clock; was again extremely lazy, and much troubled in my mind—Powerful impulsions to prayer!—Important concerns which I will not intrust even to my Journal. So very instructive for me! I promised to do what should be in my power, and had some hopes to succeed.

if he never degrades himself so far as to become a priest of sensual lust, and exerts all his genius, his power of language, his graces, his learning, and his criticism, for the propagation of truth, virtue, peace, contentment, and happiness in the enjoyment of the all-animating God!

L. June, 1773.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, Jan. 28, 1773.

I FOUND it almost impossible, for some days, to continue my Journal. I will try what I can do to-day; for I would certainly render this useful occupation more difficult by discontinuing it too long. The intermission of a good occupation, although ever so excusable and necessary at first, can become a motive for not resuming it at all, though the obstacles which have been thrown in our way should have been entirely removed. We are disinclined to begin again, only because we left off doing it; we postpone the continuation till we are, at last, ashamed to resume it. This I experience almost every day with respect to answers due to letters I have

have received. If I am obliged to delay returning an answer, only for a few days, then I postpone it generally longer than I am *necessitated* to do.

I had begged P***, or, rather, he had offered, to assist me in arranging my manuscripts and letters, which I had been doing already for some days, though my patience had almost been exhausted by continual interruptions. We began after six o'clock, and succeeded very well till half an hour past eight. I received, mean time, a visit from a young countryman whom I knew, and whose mind appeared to me uneasy and disordered, and bordering on insanity. He listened attentively to what I said to him, but seemed not to comprehend my questions. To speak the truth, I had no inclination to have any thing to do with him, because I was occupied with the arrangement of a
large

large heap of papers, and perceived that I could be of very little use to him. Mrs. N*** came on her son's account, and was rather timid, at least pretended to be so. Nothing can offend me more, than when people are afraid of me; and they cannot offer me a greater incivility, than by paying me the compliment, *I will take the heart in both hands, &c. &c. &c.* The more confidence one reposes in me, the less one supplicates—the more willingly, and the sooner, I afford assistance. I wish to speak my mind on this point one time more at large. The matter is, with respect to religion, of great importance. Every sign of mistrust and timidity offends my heart.—This observation ought to make it impossible for me to harbour the least mistrust in God, the Author, the Father, of my heart. *God is greater than my heart.* This truth is to me the most certain

tain and comforting which I can take hold on and keep firmly to; and I think that, if in any kind of sentiment the expression, *offence against God*, which is so very improper, and liable to the greatest misapplication, could be justified, it must be with respect to *mistrust in God*. Our faith in God will always increase proportionably to the faith in our own hearts.

FRIDAY, Jan. 29, 1773.

I AWOKE before six o'clock, not quite destitute of good sentiments. My heart was strongly impelled to seek God with additional diligence, and to implore him to enable me to bring blessing upon the great
number

number of people to whom I am to point out the road to virtue and happiness; to rouse myself more and more, to exert all my abilities, and to be more rigorous to myself. I was unspeakably sensible of what I already have felt a thousand times, that one ascribes to me more religion, more love to God and men, than I really possess, and that the little I am in possession of cannot be compared with what I ought to possess, and really could possess. I have engraven on my heart not an unattainable, but an attainable original; or, rather, my heart has made me sensible a thousand times, that it is possible for me to attain a degree of virtue much more superior to that which I am *supposed* to have attained, than the latter is superior to that which I really *am* in possession of.

I read

I read the two Christmas sermons of F***, which had been sent me a fortnight ago, and marked the passages I disapproved; apprehending, however, that without an explanation (for which I can spare no time) some marks will appear suspicious to him. Men are used to repeat certain hallowed formulas, without suspecting that they imply the greatest errors; and it is difficult to mention them without entering upon a circumstantial explanation.

SATURDAY, Jan. 30, 1773.

AWAKING this morning, I reflected upon and examined the preceding day.—My imagination represented me to myself

VOL. II.

P

in

in all situations. How frequently had I reason to blush! In how different a light do we see and censure ourselves, if we look upon ourselves with the eye of an impartial witness. I wish, for that reason, to be more at leisure, and better skilled in drawing, in order to imprint on my mind, by means of drawings, many situations of my life which hardly can be described by words. I am fully persuaded that such a collection of faithful representations of that sort would be the most efficacious means of improvement. I could, in this respect, safely appeal to the feelings of every human heart, which certainly would bear me witness, that such testimonies and palpable records of our life could not but have a considerable influence on our morality. How! if I should see another person doing what I am doing? if I could look into the soul of one who thinks

as I am thinking now? if I should preserve that situation by a drawing? how would I then appear to myself in tranquil hours, when the passions are silent?

I united some sighs to my heavenly Father with these ideas, and then got up. My dear wife was not well. My little Nanette shouted when I entered the room, and I was obliged to struggle against the desire of taking her out of the bed, lest I should lose my time; because I wanted to continue my Journal.—I wrote a little while, but could not resist longer; took up the child, and carried her to her mother and brother, &c. &c. &c.—Some trifles vexed me; my wife observed it, and silently offered me her hand—"I will be good!" said I, with a filial voice, and my serenity returned, &c. &c. &c.

After dinner, I went to Sch. H. to meditate there on my sermon, and to get out of

the way of visitors. I conversed with P*** on the difficulty of criticising sermons and tracts which are sent me for that purpose. One is always in danger, either not to be sincere, or to offend by sincerity. In that respect, too, I stand in need of wisdom, wisdom of fraternal love.—

I conversed for half an hour with Mrs. Pf. on the improvement in virtue. The excellent woman shed the most beautiful tears on account of her moral frailty. I could comfort her in more than one respect. She complained chiefly of her backwardness in praying. “I have, formerly, prayed with more fervor and cordiality,” said she.—“I have, indeed, improved in knowledge and child-like liberty, have disencumbered myself from many prejudices and little anxieties; but I am still destitute of a lively sense of love and efficacious faith
“in

“in the omnipresent Godhead.” I told her, amongst others, that she was certainly better than she fancied, her love for virtue and all virtuous people having visibly increased; adding, “If you will accustom yourself to
“concentre all your duties in one point of
“view, *in love to human kind founded on faith*
“*in God*; if you will acknowledge, in every
“thing, small or great, the guiding hand of
“Providence; assist, for the sake of God,
“sincerely, and as much as your ability
“and situation will allow, all your fellow-
“creatures; honour and love God in all
“things; not look upon religion and virtue
“as two different things; you will be much
“easier, much more cheerful and child-like,
“always in communion with God, and never
“alienated from mankind and your own
“heart. This *simplification of all my duties*
“makes *me* very happy, how frequent and

“ humiliating soever my daily faults be. If
 “ I devote myself to God by sacrificing my-
 “ self for the best of mankind, with the full
 “ assurance that I shall succeed, at last; if I
 “ measure God always after my own heart (A);
 “ if I pay proper attention to the numberless
 “ proofs of God’s goodness, particularly to-
 “ wards myself, and judge by what is before
 “ my eyes of what I may expect in future
 “ from such a God; if I remove the preju-

(A) The author probably means nothing else, but, If
I can be just, equitable, benevolent, charitable, merciful,
 indulgent, and placable, if *I* can keep my promises, &c.
 &c. &c. then God, who has rendered my heart capable
 of these good sentiments and virtues, *must* and *will*, un-
 doubtedly, be so, and act thus to an infinitely higher de-
 gree. In the same sense our Saviour says, *If ye, being*
evil, failing men, know how to give good gifts unto your chil-
dren, how much more shall your Father, who is in heaven,
give good things to them that ask him? As for the rest, we
 must be very careful not to ascribe to God, the most per-
 fect Being, human feelings; and every, even the best hu-
 man heart, has its weak side. E.

“ dice,

“dice, that God really could be *offended*,
 “and, after a thousand and ten thousand
 “transgressions, could love me less(1); if I
 “believe that God is ever sufficiently willing,
 “as well as powerful, to forgive our sins,
 “having given us through Jesus Christ the

(1) The love of God towards us can, indeed, not be forfeited, nor so easily weakened, as the love and favour of men. He knows how to distinguish most exactly guilt from misfortune, and weakness from wickedness. Ten thousand *involuntary* transgressions and failings cannot deprive us of his fervor; for he knows our nature, and never forgets that we are frail mortals. However, want of honesty, hypocrisy, deceit, and premeditated sins, must needs always displease him: although he never can be offended, that is, hurt, distressed, and irritated, yet a rational, free-acting man must ever be dearer to him than the wicked, and he must be so much the more pleased with him, the more guiltless and perfect he is. It is true, this manner of representing God, perhaps, still contains too much of the *human*; and the thoughts of God are, in this respect too, not the thoughts of man: we *must*, however, think *humanly* of God, because—we cannot think otherwise. E.

“most undoubted proofs of this readiness
“and power to take away all the bad con-
“sequences of sin, and to set again in the
“best order whatever we have disordered
“by our passions;—if I do this, my friend!
“then I am easy, cheerful, child-like, always
“in communion with God, and never alie-
“nated from mankind, nor from my own
“heart.—If *you* can forgive those who have
“offended you and trespassed against you,
“He will, undoubtedly, be more inclined to
“do it, because it is Him who has rendered
“your heart prone to forgiveness, and given
“you all the love you possess,” &c. &c. &c.
I was obliged to beg my friend and his wife
to leave me, because I was not far advanced
in my sermon.—I must not forget to insert
an idea of a friend of mine, who observed
that nature exhibits a phenomenon similar
to the early resurrection of those whom St.

Matthew

Matthew mentions to have been recalled to life when Christ expired. "In nature" (said he) "every thing has, indeed, its fixed "time for ripening; yet there are many exceptions from that regulation; for several "plants, nay, even animal beings, can be "brought to maturity before their usual "time through men, through rational, free, "intermediate beings."

I continued my sermon, and then was called to tea. We spoke of Mr. S* J*. I asserted, that I had not found him to be that keen-sighted man for which he is taken by many people. Of his heart I would not judge.—There is a difference between *acting the hypocrite*, and *speaking of religion from habit, and without feeling*. The latter is, indeed, bad enough, and the nearest way to hypocrisy.

I resumed my sermon on 2-Cor. v. V. 1—9.

How

How would a minister speak, affect and raise the minds of his auditors, if he, when repeating the words of St. Paul, *We know that if our earthly house, of this tabernacle, were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!* should know and feel the whole tenor of these words!

I paused repeatedly till half an hour after five o'clock. Conversing with my wife for half an hour, I said, I believed God would not prolong my life much longer; but, if he should, I would first begin to live properly; adding, "I am not yet, with respect to my family, my friends, and my congregation, what I ought to be, and am conscious I could be!" I then related some anecdotes of my youth, and spent half an hour very agreeably. - - - - -

We

We spoke, after supper, of the death of Mr. H***. My father pitied him; and I reproached myself silently, because I was not more useful to him when I paid him my last visit. We read the eleventh chapter of I. Kings, and I endeavoured to defend David's and Solomon's character against the attacks of my father. These histories teach me, in general, how difficult it is to pronounce a just judgment on individual actions, particularly on actions of great men, whose views encompass *the whole*.



SUNDAY, Jan. 31, 1773.

MY imagination disturbed my rest by horrid dreams. Methought I had died, and
heard

heard my surrounding friends say, as if at a distance, "He is dead!" and a thrilling horror trembled through the nerves of my heart—Methought I wanted to fold my hands, but could not do it, and—expired. I awoke with a palpitating heart, and wished for rest. I would not stir, at first, but endeavoured to fall again asleep, in order to have that dream once more, or at least to continue it; for I have frequently observed, that when I do not change my situation after a dream (important or not), and fall instantly asleep, the same dream returns, or is continued. But this time I longed too much for soothing words from the lips of my dear wife. I fell, however, again asleep, and dreamed of nothing but of microscopes.—I could not forget these two dreams when I awoke, began already to join glasses, and probably would have been entirely absorbed
in

in this experimental idea, if that of my death had not always forced itself on my imagination.—“And shall I then, one day, really be stretched out thus, deprived of life?—Will, one time, this last tremor really thrill my bones and my heart?—And if then so much has been neglected, through my own fault; so much that I could and should have done, according to the inclinations and dispositions of my nature, and the manifold admonitions of God?”—These and similar ideas occupied my soul. I animated myself a-new, before God, to prefer the concerns of my heavenly Father, and of religion, to every thing else; and to have them more at heart than any thing in the world. I prayed to God for new strength, for zeal, sincerity, wisdom, courage, and for his blessing.

I went

I went to church. The Rev. Mr. Hefs preached, from Matth. x. v. 26. on hypocrisy. His sermon contained many good, true, and striking observations. The words, *there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known*, which he pronounced with a particular emphasis, struck my heart, not without a good effect.—I was, on the whole, pretty attentive.

CONCLUSION of this Month.

THIS month, so important to me, is past too! How many sufferings, how much relief! how many failings, how much mercy!—What resolutions have I taken?—Livelier reflections on my death, which is drawing nearer

nearer and nearer !—More resignation, more spiritual liberty, more filial sentiments towards God !—But, alas ! I am still too sensual, too indolent, too obstinate, and too com-modious ! I yield still too easily to my whims and fancies. I maintain my character too little, and too ambiguously, misled by the prevailing desire to oblige other people, by weakness, vanity, or indolence. I am still far from being what I really could be in my situation, with my abilities and talents. My *self* is still too active within me ; or, to speak plainer, my love is not yet pure, not cordial enough ; is not sufficiently active, submissive, and general. I should be afraid to let all my words be heard, or the thoughts and sentiments of my heart seen ; I tremble almost every night at myself and my heart, when, secluded from the noisy bustle of the day, I judge myself before the Omniscient.—

Not

Not one day of this year could I be fully satisfied with myself; and yet I do not require of myself an ideal or an unattainable perfection; I require nothing of myself, but what I justly may expect from *my* character, and *my* situation. I know what human nature and what I *can* do; I do not know it from books, but (thank God!) from my *own* repeated experience. Knowing *true love*, I know, of course, the *dead body of love*, the mechanical part of virtue. I know that our feelings cannot always be equally strong and lively; but how can I conceal from myself, that it is not right, not justifiable, not to make room for stronger, nobler, and more humane feelings? that it is not right to endeavour to exclude them from our hearts, to think of and to hunt after such only as gratify our senses, while we are surrounded with invitations to nobler and better ones? How can this be palliated?

No!

No! I cannot repeat too frequently, I must endeavour to side more immediately with God! I must strive to render my belief in him, and in his providence, more lively and efficacious, by paying greater attention to his works, his ways, and his revelations.— However, *attention* requires *tranquillity*—and *tranquillity* and *solitude* are rendered *solemn* and *animating* to *attention* by *prayers*. I must become more *tranquil*, more *easy*. Thank God! I am partly so already, but by far not sufficiently. The more I believe in God, the plainer I see, assisted by reason, and a sense for truth or morality, what is invisible; the more the most amiable, the most immediate image of God, the receptacle of all human and divine perfections, Jesus Christ, is present to my mind, the nearer he is to me, the more shall I love him, and every thing he commands me to love, every thing that is like him, and animated by his Spirit.—

I do not know whether my friends will be satisfied with me; or, rather, I know they are: however, I do not deserve it. I, at least, have reason to be satisfied with them; but *they* are certainly too indulgent. I rely too easily upon their goodness, am too commodious, and too negligent, than to be with respect to them what I could and ought to be. I could relate to them, I could tell them, so much which would please and interest, and, perhaps, at the same time, be useful to them; I am, however, too commodious, too indolent; and—to confess the truth—they meet me with the too kind compliment, “You call rest *weariness* and *indolence*—make yourself easy; don’t say any thing; we are satisfied, if you only continue to be our friend!” Whom should this language not flatter? but whom ought it not, at the same time, to animate to return their kindness with effectual love? And am I not
cb l (properly

(properly speaking) ungrateful and mean, because I suffer myself to be lulled asleep by their indulgence? The many services which I and my sick wife have received, last month, from our friends, are without example. I know they do not expect the least reward, or thanks—but how easily could I give them much more heart-felt pleasure than I really do!—Oh! forgive me, ye beloved! and if you, one day, when I shall be no more, should find my Journal, and read this passage, oh! then do not entirely disvalue this confession of my frequent indifference, which I have made already so often, and now repeat before God, with a heart stung with shame, because you are wont to put some value on the least trifle that comes from me!—

I must add a few observations more.

I have not wrote a line for the public, the last and the antecedent month, except a

preface; and yet I see so many, and, as I think, important works before me, which are begun, and ought to be continued. If I would rise only one hour earlier every day (and it would certainly improve my health; for I sleep, indeed, much too long), I could with little trouble write down so many things which come in my mind, disturb my attention, and make me uneasy. If I had but sufficient firmness of mind to carry this into execution, I should then undoubtedly become every day easier; provided I had, at the same time, the resolution—not to begin a new performance, except I should receive an immediate call to do it: I ought to confine, but not to extend myself; I then should be able to act in a more striking and decisive manner, and, at the same time, perform more, the less I should seem to act.—I rather will discontinue my Journal, or only confine myself to a few words or cyphers, than neglect what

what I either am bound by duty, or have *promised* to do. Whatever I have begun, what always lies before my eyes, and makes me uneasy, and ill-humoured, at least for the moment, when I conceive only the bare idea, *it ought to have been done, and has not been done*; what causes sensations in my breast like those a debtor feels at the sight of his creditor, ought to be taken in hand by degrees, and a part of it finished every week.

To these distressing ideas, which are so evidently hurtful to my virtue, to my liberty of mind, my peace, my hilarity, and my energy of soul, I must add the confusion in which my manuscripts and letters are; which I, however, will remove without further delay, and endeavour to guard against for the future by a better regulation. God grant, that I may not postpone this extensive and fatiguing, but to myself and others, particularly

larly to my heart and virtue, important business!—that I may not be tired of it before it is finished!

This month my dear wife has entirely recovered from her dangerous and painful illness; and the swelling of my cheek, which might have caused me much pain, is entirely gone off.—All-blessing father! I praise thee particularly for this relief; and thank thee, more fervently than for this succour, for the sweet contentment which thou hast poured into my heart at the close of the last and the beginning of the present year, when I groaned under very heavy trials!

I was firmly convinced that I should have willingly submitted to any thing. I was not proud of this consciousness; but a silent tear of joy strayed down my cheeks when I confided so firmly in my God, that I had no other will but his.

The

The death of my mother has rendered this month particularly important to me. Who but a thoughtless mortal can with indifference behold the death of a human being, and particularly if this our fellow-creature has been most intimately connected with us, and, notwithstanding many occasional frailties, has, besides many good and amiable qualities, that particular claim to our affection, to have shared a great part of his life with us? What a deep impression ought such a death to make upon us!

I have a tender, feeling heart, and yet the death of my mother has not made such a deep impression upon my mind. I endeavoured, indeed, to palliate the indifference which I have shown on her death, ascribing its cause to her delivery from her great and almost insupportable pains, of which death has released her: however, I ought, never,

theless, to have reflected more seriously on such an extraordinary incident; ought to have summed up, and reviewed more conscientiously, the blessings which the Divine Goodness has bestowed on me, for more than thirty years, by means of her. I ought to have set forth, and recounted to my family more diligently, her evident good qualities, and her merits with respect to us, the recollection of which so frequently crowded on my mind: this could have been done easily enough, and without detriment to any other useful occupation. I abandoned myself too much to the voluptuous ease which arose from the exemption from the painful ideas of her sufferings, which frequently appeared to me to have originated rather from too much sensibility and irritability of my nerves, than from real tenderness. The silent presentation of more liberty perhaps contributed also

also something to that state of my mind. In short, my *self* was, on that occasion, too much alive (*m*). I consider my *self* still too much as *purpose, mark, scope, and centre*; and this is,

(*m*) Take heed, Christian reader, not to misapply, nor to misunderstand, what the author, here and on other occasions, says of the too great influence with regard to his *self* produces on his actions and sentiments. Learn to distinguish *self-love* from *selfishness*, and do not condemn the former along with the latter. However reprobable the latter be, yet the former is innocent. I have the most immediate and clear notion of my *self*; all other external objects are no farther known to me, than as far as they bear some *relation* to my *self*. What an unnatural and what a vain effort would it be, if we were to attempt to pay, as it were, no regard to our *self*, or, to use the expression of some mystics, as they are called, if we were to *mortify* our *self*! No! not even the most sublime morality can ever dare to combat against our *natural* feelings and inclinations; its sole aim ought to be to confine and to guide them in the best manner that is possible. We cannot always *immediately* and *intentionally* think and act for the common benefit; however, we can never improve our own perfection and happiness without promoting thereby *immediately* the happiness and perfection of others. The
desire

is, undoubtedly, the head source of all my uneasiness. *The less I live for MYSELF, the more do others, the more does love and the God-head live in me.* This I speak from my own experience. I know it as sure, as I know that I am better in health when I do not eat too much, than when I am immoderate in eating. - - - - -

Father of Truth! oh! that these silent meditations might bring me nearer to Thee, and to a perfect exemption from sin, which encompasses me on all sides! Might I pay more regard to Thee than to men! hear more and talk less, learn more and teach less! have more faith, in order to have more love! Amen.

desire of living and being happy only for and in others, and the desire of living and being happy only for and in one's SELF, are extremes which we must equally avoid: the one is unnatural and impossible disinterestedness, and the latter is mean selfishness. The road to virtue lies in the middle. T,

To Mr. N***.

My dear Friend,

Feb. 4, 1773.

WHEN I have faith in a friend, I cease calculating, imagine him not to be N***, nor myself Lavater, but look upon him and myself as mere human beings—him animated by the Spirit of God, and myself replete with the same Spirit. I neither entreat, nor thank, nor apologize; neither do I forgive, nor examine; I only have faith in him as I have faith in myself; nay, more than in myself: and now, my brother! let me tell you that I cannot but agree with you in many points, My *Views of Eternity*, if considered as a book, may be useful; but, as sources of advice, they may, indeed, be of small benefit. I am, however, glad that they have brought me some hundred steps nearer towards you.

I have,

I have, as yet, wrote—nothing ; but only learnt that I know nothing, and that I am a fool—and, nevertheless, I continue writing what the Providence of God and my heart bid me to write, because God blesses my writings.

A moment of free contemplation, of solitary, silent contemplation, of silent awe of midnight ecstasy, which obliterates dress, form and name, foibles and follies, awakens nothing but man, and melts him into one with men ;—that moment I expect and obtain by faith—and am happy enough. Yet I do not speak of it ; for it is not letter ; not ink, nor paper—not fit for communication(*n*).

(*n*) If the English reader does not understand this passage, then he is in the same predicament with the Translator.

As to my poems, I have not wrote a word, as yet, except a sketch of a simple introduction, in Iambicks. Writing for the public is, in general, of less moment to me than it must appear.

I rejoice twenty times at my being immortal, at my being the image of God, and at my fellow-immortals, without thinking of my poem(o). I am also disgusted with writing down every thing. It will be best if I make occasional remarks, and continue to communicate them (*propiore Deum*) to my friends by way of letters.

(o) The author intended to write a poem on Eternity, the materials for which work he has communicated in his Views of Eternity. T.

To Ss***

Feb. 8, 1773.

I MUST address you once more.—When will you have eyes to see, and ears to hear, that you make the enemies of the Lord blaspheme? I am, however, afraid that it will be useless; for you do not want to learn, but to teach. Oh! thou heavenly, evangelical, *child-like sense!* when wilt thou dispel that inexorable, iron *stubbornness* of these law-giving souls? Oh! thou divine love of human kind, thou ray of Christ's glory! when wilt thou *beam forth* from their eyes? Oh! my *verbose* friend, verbose in instructing others, and in stunning and repelling those who want to instruct you through the word of God, when will the prayer of a man whose work on you has been blessed by God, I say, when

when will the prayer (for *adjurations* without *arguments*, and without *miracles*, are spells of an inflated self-love, and of a pride, furiously hastening to meet the most dreadful mortifications), when will the *prayer* of a man who, formerly, was your brother, be able to move you, by the most solemn conjurations, to *listen patiently to him* only for a quarter of an hour?—Read the history of that hero in praying, and let me tell you, *If these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?*

FEBRUARY 26, 1773.

IT is time to resume my Journal again.—
This whole month I have added nothing to it, except copies of some letters; and yet
I have

I have experienced some important scenes, which are very instructive to me, and the description of which may, perhaps, prove very useful to my friends and children. It is evidently a proof of the unspeakable and paternal love of God to me, that he keeps me so powerfully back from all religious fanaticism.—Ambition, a lively imagination, and a good, sensible heart, can easily hurry us to fanaticism; and how frequently have they already dragged me to the brink of this dreadful abyss, from which no mortal hand can save!

However, Divine Providence has worked, from my early youth, through friends and foes, to draw me back from that dreadful precipice. My irresistible propensity to *think clearly*, which God has increased and blessed more and more, my numerous occupations, some false religious steps and pious deviations

tions of my friends which timely came to my knowledge, and chiefly the errors of others which Divine Providence placed close before my eyes, and the constant reading of the scripture (which, although it continually speaks of extraordinary and wonderful events, inspirations, and divine revelations, is, nevertheless, the most efficacious antidote against fanaticism, because it always gives palpable proofs of the revelation, and the presence of God, whom it exhibits to the faith of men), have been employed by my good and eternal God as means to guard me against that pest of the soul. The present month abounds particularly in such manifestations of Providence—perhaps chiefly that I may accustom myself not to behold with a proud smile, but with humble and modest pity, *and as one who has obtained mercy*, those men who unite great virtues with a large share

of fanaticism.—One of the worthiest, most learned and pious men sent me this month a dreadful printed memorial of fanaticism, on reading of which I could not help exclaiming, ever and anon, “ Lord Jesus! Lord “ Jesus! so much truth! so much *divine* “ truth! but so dreadfully misapplied, and “ intermixed with the most insupportable “ vanity!”—I received, at the same time, an answer to an admonitory note which I had sent, along with the above-mentioned work, to a very sublime fanatic—an answer which was dreadfully bold, so dictatory, so devoid of the spirit of humility, of meekness, and love of Christ, that I was seized with astonishment and sorrow, not on account of the reproaches it contained, but because they were made in so shocking and unfraternal a manner. I insisted upon a conference, and an amicable explanation.

I was

I was sent for—and went, determined to be offended with nothing, to listen patiently, and to contradict as little as possible. However, although I had not the least reason to suspect the honesty of my friend, and could not but admire his zeal for God and virtue, his eloquence, and his numerous quotations of scriptural passages and examples, and how much soever I felt myself humbled and abashed thereby, yet I could find so little clearness, precision, and scriptural taste, in his discourse, so little light and humanity—and, on the contrary, found so much confusion, so many contradictions, and unaccountable absurdities, that I could not help dropping some harsh expressions, and accusing him of confusion and fanaticism—so that we were under the necessity to break off, and to part, with the promise to pray for one another. I must, however, not forget to observe, that

Mr. F***, who was present, notwithstanding his regard for Mr. Ss***, and the great affection he bears him, has shown himself a pattern of uncommon honesty, modesty, and just discernment. I have, indeed, learnt a great deal of him. It is true, I cannot conceal from myself, that the victory which I, indeed, had not gained, but fancied to have well deserved—that the equity of this moderate, wise, and modest friend, who repeatedly took my part against his intimate friend, at least told him plainly enough that he returned me no distinct answer to my distinct questions—and the hope of having persuaded him to avoid, in future, all notorious extravagancies of his friend's fanatic manner of thinking—and the idea of the satisfaction, the applause, and the praise, which I could expect from my few intimate friends, to whom I intended to relate the whole

whole scene at large—flattered me much in going home, and several times afterwards, and caused a visible sense of pride within me; which I, however, soon subdued.—However, the whole transaction mortified me sensibly, not only because I have, perhaps, some years ago, scattered some sparks of this evil by some vague propositions, and too much heat, but also because the many reproaches he has made me are not unfounded. This excited in my mind new resolutions to seek God with sincerity and humility, and to attend more to watching and praying.

A few days after this transaction, which, for many reasons, was so important to me, I received a letter from my friend H—, which contained a great part of the history of his life. I could have kissed that honest, enlightened, persecuted, erring, and repent-

ing man, a hundred times. Oh! that all men would write their life thus, and publish it! It could not but afford pleasure and instruction. The history of Mr. H— is, indeed, very instructive, and warning, with respect to fanaticism.

This morning, when I was going to write down these observations, I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Meyer, of Pfungen, along with some remarks of Mr. B**, of S**, on *dancing*, and the *theatre*. Mr. Meyer concludes, by these remarks, that Mr. B** S**'s intellects must be affected.—The dear, honest man! How differently honest and enlightened people can view the same objects! I cannot but confess, that I, who, some moments ago, have wrote in my Journal, that I believe the author of these remarks to be a fanatic, should (if they had come first into my hands) have been induced to believe

believe those equally honest men who refute him to be fanatics, and himself an enlightened man. I have great reason to look upon this incident as a hint, given me by Providence, to judge with the greatest caution and modesty of this man. I did, indeed, never think that he possessed so much judgment, and could reason so forcibly. I wrote to Mr. Meyer, " My honest friend! what
" will you think of me, when I tell you,
" that I think Mr. S** to be really an arch-
" fanatic; but his remarks, which you have
" communicated to me, a few lines except-
" ed, very reasonable, and the reverse of fa-
" naticism? To judge by these remarks
" (though I do not entirely approve their
" stile, and the form in which they have
" been published), Mr. S*** is a very en-
" lightened and reasoning man. But take
" care not to let him know my opinion of

"him, else we shall read, in the next pam-
 "phlet he publishes," * Mr. Lavater' (and
 certainly he will honour me with some fine
 epithet) * *praises me, in a letter to one of his*
 * *friends, as an enlightened, reasoning man; but*
 * *a man who is enlightened never can be a fana-*
 * *tic. Fanaticism and sound reasoning contradict*
 * *each other diametrically; consequently I am no*
 * *fanatic, according to the testimony of Mr. La-*
 * *vater.*—"To speak the truth, the good
 "man cannot bear the least praise; all the
 "world must assist him in bearing it; and I
 "could certainly have said more to his praise
 "in my last letter to him, and should have
 "done so, if I had not been afraid that he
 "would have had it published instantly,
 "and applied it as an *argumentum ex concessis*
 "inimici. As to the subject itself—*dancing,*
 "and *the theatre*—no man of a sound un-
 "derstanding can deny that they are in-
 "nocent

“ nocent *in themselves*, and *can* be very use-
“ ful; yet there is no doubt that the present
“ condition of the theatre renders it, in some
“ respect, necessary to speak with gentle
“ prudence against it, or rather to reform its
“ *abuses*. It is, however, difficult to speak
“ publicly of these matters. If one *defends*
“ them, though with ever so many restric-
“ tions, and the greatest precaution, the po-
“ pulace, all friends of devotion, and all
“ those that cannot judge of innocence, ex-
“ claim, Behold! this pious man, this divine,
“ defends the play, that school of the devil!
“ and, what is worse, most people pay on
“ purpose no regard to all the precaution
“ one has taken, and to all the restrictions
“ one has added, and quote before the pub-
“ lic what we have said, but quote it wrong,
“ and without alledging what we have said,
“ in order to prevent misunderstanding and
“ mis-

“ misapplication.—If one speaks *against*
“ plays, and attacks (though with ever so
“ much prudence and judgement) not the
“ *object itself*, but only the *present state* of the
“ theatre, and the bad effect which, in our
“ times, is, almost unavoidably, connected
“ with the theatre, and dancing, the witty
“ scoffers of our jovial age are ever ready to
“ pronounce their scornful anathema against
“ us, and to decry us, with the lofty air of
“ healthy men, as sick people. And these
“ preachers of tolerance treat us not only
“ in the most intolerant manner, but even
“ refuse us a fair trial,” &c. &c. &c.

The doctrine of *meekness*, which I had to
explain and to enforce, to-day, in the house
of orphans, seemed to have some effect on
my mind. I found it, several times, very
easy to suppress the first emotions of anger.
I was tempted to give vent to it, when in
the

the house of correction ; however, I checked my passion entirely. I succeeded pretty well in speaking with some energy to a prisoner. After dinner, I met Mr. P***, who was coming to intercede with me for a melancholy person who was *afraid* to come to me herself. I went, and said to her all what I could say, but as briefly as possible, because I could not stop long. These good people never will recollect that we have not much time to spare, though *they* may be at leisure. Yet this is very pardonable.—A certain religious weakness, an indolent, anxious rumination of their grief, joined with an antipathy to correction and occupation ; an incessant longing to disburthen their heart, and a perfect disregard to whatever is said to them, in order to comfort, to encourage, and to advise them ; a secret aversion from every advice which is given with the best intention ;

tion;—this kind of melancholy, which is not uncommon, and of which some instances occur to me almost every week, is, indeed, intricate and disgusting enough to give my tone a form which does not entirely please self-love, and very easily can induce some people to say, *I was afraid! I did not dare to open my mind!* Yet I can truly say, that, whenever I observe something of that nature in my mind, I show it less than I really feel or fancy to feel it.

I wrote a letter to the worthy Mr. G***, of Schafhausen. “The more you represent
“to yourself the variety and greatness of
“the blessings of God, the more you endeavor to quicken within yourself the great
“fundamental truth (I almost had said, the
“*only* truth), *God is love!* The more you
“look upon your frailties and sins as things
“which, however they deserve contempt in
“them-

“ *themselves*, can, nevertheless, be turned into
“ blessings, either for yourself or others (*p*),
“ by *that* God who is *all love*, and rules
“ every thing, as soon as you are ashamed
“ of them, and unite with that shame the

(*p*) We know, indeed, that all things work together for good to them that love God, viz. all, even the most unfortunate things that happen to them; this can, however, not be applied to sin without the greatest restriction. Sin is, and ever will be, the greatest evil; it always hurts us; it always impairs our perfection and happiness; and other people, too, generally suffer more or less thereby; though Providence knows how to apply it to good ends. Christian reader! take, therefore, care not to make light of thy failings and sins, on that account, nor to guard less against them, because God can turn this poison into a salutary medicine for thyself and others, else thou wilt make a very bad use of the advice of the author to render the duties of Christianity comfortable and cheerful. He only desires thee not to waste thy time in an anxious and fruitless repentance, but to apply it, without delay, to a more prudent and a better conduct, and then to expect with confidence that the promises God has made us through Jesus Christ will be fulfilled. T.

“ con-

“ confidence in the goodness and power of
“ Christ : in short, the more *courage* you have,
“ the less difficult you will find it to become
“ virtuous, Without this belief, without
“ this confidential looking up to Christ, the
“ visible image of the essential Goodness ;
“ without this tranquil immersion into the
“ love of God, no real virtuous life is pos-
“ sible.” - - - - -

I carried my sick child on my arm for a quarter of an hour, proud that he always wants to be with me, and will be carried by no one else. I then went to Rechberg. We read the first six chapters of the epistle to the Romans, and I explained the most difficult passages, which have been rendered more obscure by our unintelligible translation. I went home at seven o'clock. The female friend whom I hoped to find with my wife being gone, I was vexed for a few moments ;
how-

however, my vexation vanished as soon as my wife told me that she had been very happy in her company.—I complained to my wife, amongst other things, of my being of so little use to my friends, who love me so sincerely; and told her, that I frequently considered myself as a cheat, on that account.—We spoke of the impending revolutions in the political world—read the eleventh and twelfth chapters of II. Kings.—I looked with some uneasiness at my wife, who was half asleep, and squeezed her hand tenderly. I then read to her a passage from the *Resurrection of the Righteous*, and a hymn of Klopstock. We went to bed at eleven o'clock. I awoke about a quarter of an hour after I had fallen asleep, and was pretty well satisfied with this day—although I am still infinitely below a middling idea of a *Christian*.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, Feb. 27, 1773.

IAWOKE at six, and was lying in my bed till seven o'clock, with a weary and heavy heart, amid many good thoughts, feelings, and silent sighs. The chief objects of my meditation were the orphan—and my own children. I rose at seven o'clock, with a serene mind; and when the idea of the different occupations which I was to take in hand, and to finish, to-day, began to make me uneasy and gloomy, I sat instantly down to make a list of what I had to transact to-day, and then to execute one thing after the other, with all possible tranquillity; an expedient which has already served many a time to ease and to cheer me up.

Mrs.

Mrs. Z*** came with a treatise of her husband's, in which he attempted to prove, that St. Paul alludes, in his epistle to the Hebrews, to Roman customs. I read it through while she was present, and the whole appeared to me very affected, and extremely unimportant, even if he should not be mistaken. I informed him of it in a note, and felt the necessity to think of another occupation for this honest, sensible, and learned man, because I was well aware that this will be the only way to prompt him to abandon his opinion.

A poor woman from W*** came to be instructed in religion, telling me that she was determined to mend her life. — O God! how far am I still from being that man who is to lead to thee with power and light every one, even the weakest of my brethren!

—I am always frightened, though I always ought to rejoice, when I see such a person before me. However, I spoke to her as well as I could, and she appeared to have understood and comprehended at least a part of what I said.—Another woman came, as it appeared, with the same view.—I continued my Journal, and thus passed the morning in regularity and tranquillity.—

At dinner, we spoke of the great misfortunes and sufferings of a friend. I took less interest in it than I ought to have done, and yet could not account for it. Should perhaps the great misery and distress of which I, almost every day, am informed, have hardened and rendered me less sensible? I am, at least in the present case, not conscious of any mediate or immediate passion.

I went

I went to the Schwanenhof, and Pf*** gave me a note to read which concerned the last publication of Mr. S***. "Some
" antecursory narrations, and the prefixed
" remark of our dear Lavater, seduced me
" to the precipitate judgement, that this man
" must be a complete fanatic; having, how-
" ever, perused the treatise, though only in
" haste, I think myself bound to retract
" my judgement, to recommend him to the
" Lord, and his good and faithful guidance
" and protection against all deviations; and,
" meanwhile, to wait patiently what will
" be the consequence of this extraordinary
" guidance."

I have inserted this note for my instruction. I am, indeed, still too precipitate in my judgements, although I strive every day to become less so. I was extremely pleased with this gentle and fraternal manner of

judging, and rejoiced that I was pleased with it, although I have given my opinion of this man so decisively.

We spoke of the impending calamities of war, and I felt myself animated by our discourse to adhere earnestly to God, particularly by interceding for the great number of suffering and distressed brethren.

I now could continue with ease and tranquillity my sermon on the defence of the apostle Paul before the Sanhedrin at Jerusalem (Acts v. 17—24.), and wrote with ease and fluency.—I had a violent cough, which I regarded as a warning and admonition of Providence.

While I was writing my sermon, the following ideas, which I instantly wrote down, flashed on my mind:

Art

Art thou not better, God! than I?

Then I can never love thee;

But art thou better, God! than I?

How much wilt thou then love me!

I went home at seven o'clock, guided by the twinkling of the stars, and the soft light of the moon. Sweet sensations of the majesty of the Infinite thrilled my heart: however, a trifle, the *ignes minores of Horace*, which the sight of the stars brought to my mind, led me, for a few minutes, astray into the regions of criticism. Yet I recovered myself soon. When I came home, I staid a little while with my father, and then continued my sermon. After supper, we read the tenth chapter of the second book of Kings. I was struck with the passage, *but Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart*. I do not like at all the ambiguous, false, and double-minded strokes in Jehu's character. What a mix-

ture of ambition and duplicity, of piety and religious zeal! O Lord! cleanse and simplify me more and more, that all my thoughts and wishes, that all my actions, may ever concentrate *in one point*, in the pure love of Thee, in loving all my brethren, and Christ Jesus!

Going to our apartment, we heard our little boy scream violently. He was half asleep, and did not know why he was screaming. "He is the very counterpart of his father," said my wife. I have frequently made the same remark, and many a time trembled at the idea, "if he should suffer as much from dreams as I do, and if he should come to the same horrid gulfs of doubt to which I came!"—O! Jesus Christ! what will he have to suffer!—However, God has supported me, as yet, so unspeakably, will he not also be the God of my son?

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, Feb. 28, 1773.

A DREADFUL night! I dreamed as plainly as possible that I was to be beheaded. A look at my children melted me to tears; and—death—death itself—chilled me with dreadful fear.—I knelt down, prayed to God, awoke half dead with terror, and sunk in the arms of my wife, meditating on nothing but death.—I must die! This idea struck my mind so forcibly, that I thanked God for having been roused thus. I fell again asleep, and had another dream, much more dreadful, which I, however, cannot recollect.—I awoke in the morning pretty easy, though very much fatigued. I sighed, meditated, rose at seven o'clock, and finished my sermon. I went

not to church, because I coughed violently, but read the two epistles to Timothy. The following passages and expressions I must copy:

Jesus Christ, our hope &c—Charity out of a pure heart, and of good conscience, and of faith unfeigned.—The law is not made for righteous men—The gospel of the blessed God—If a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of God?—To keep the mystery of faith in a good conscience—Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving—The living God is the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe.—Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity—Give attendance to reading—Neglect not the gift that is in thee, that thy profiting may appear to all.—Take heed unto thyself, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and
them

them that hear thee.—He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth.—Do not partake of other men's sins: keep thyself pure!—Thou, O man of God, follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, patience, meekness; fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life!—Keep these commandments without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ—Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come—Promises of life which is in Jesus Christ—God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind—Hold fast the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me! Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ! No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life—If a man also strive for masteries, yet he is not crowned, except he strive lawfully—Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead—I suffer trouble as an evil-doer, even unto bonds,
but

but the word of God is not bound!—I endure all things for the elect's sakes, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory.—It is a faithful saying, if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us—If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself—Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.—The Lord knoweth them that are his—To call on the Lord out of a pure heart—The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.—Do not be led captive by the devil, at his will—To have a form of godliness, but to deny the power thereof—Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth—All that will live godly in Christ shall suffer persecution.—The man of God shall be perfect, thoroughly

roughly furnished unto all good works—Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an Evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry—To love the Lord's appearing.—The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom.—Lord Jesus Christ be with my spirit ! Amen.

After dinner, I finished my letter to Mr. H***. “I can assure you, that the recollection of all the good I do (and I dare say that no day passes on which Divine Providence does not give me an opportunity to perform a good action) does not puff me up. Nay, nothing humbles me more than all the good, the execution of which God has charged me with. Nothing animates me more to persevere, and not to stop, than the recollection of what I have already done. A comparison with others cannot (I protest before God), as
“ far

“ far as I know, make me proud with re-
“ gard to my moral qualities; because I
“ perceive, by constantly observing myself,
“ which, as it were, is become habitual with
“ me, every day, so many wounds, so many
“ unguarded and weak sides of my heart,
“ that I should be mad if I could be proud.
“ The more good I do, the easier I find it
“ to be humble. I am, however, not equally
“ humble with respect to my talents. Com-
“ paring myself with the greatest geniuses of
“ our age, I find, indeed, a great indifference
“ between them and myself; I hide myself
“ from them. But when I compare myself
“ with those people with whom I converse
“ most frequently, I am sometimes foolish
“ enough to abandon myself, for some mo-
“ ments, to the enchanting fancies of vanity.
“ Observing, however, every day, that fre-
“ quently the weakest geniuses think wiser,
“ in

"in many points, than myself; that all the
"year long no one converses with me of
"whom I could not learn something; know-
"ing that my little learning and knowledge
"is nothing but a collection obtained by
"begging; feeling deeply with how much
"pains I learn; being frequently scarcely
"able to bear with my own shallowness
"and weakness; I can sincerely confess to
"you, that this kind of pride too never will
"become a prevailing sentiment with me—
"and never attacks me longer than, at most,
"for a few moments in the week. If ever
"I should prevail on myself to publish a
"part of my Journal, to which I am pressed
"by all my friends, I will certainly be sin-
"cere, and not spare myself; and no rea-
"sonable man shall accuse me of having
"trumpeted *only* my good deeds."

SOME

SOME REMARKS.

THE interval during which I could not continue my Journal, partly from neglect, and partly for other reasons, would perhaps have been more important, and more deserving of being recorded, than all the other days of this year. I should, perhaps, give an opportunity of being suspected to have *intentionally* suppressed my observations on some of these days, if it should be known that I have recorded nothing that has happened during that time. However, God knows that I have not done it with a view to hide from myself, or my friends, the faults which I perhaps may be suspected of. I am, on the contrary, as sure, as I can be of any thing in this world, that nothing could be

be more favourable to myself, and my exculpation, than if I were to disclose to an impartial eye the whole of my proceedings in some strange cases, though I should be willing to confess some inconsiderate actions. I am, however, quite tired of apologizing. My friends know that, with respect to those points I am alluding to; I have nothing to reproach myself, before the tribunal of my conscience, which is quite at ease, and every moment ready to account to those who may call me to an account; and the world will never see this Journal. Some of my letters have been circulated, God knows, without my knowledge and consent. I consoled myself with my faith in Providence, and forgave those who had occasioned that circulation—The public has judged miserably;—I was silent, and gave to my few friends a faithful account of the whole matter. They
were

were astonished at the secret motives which I pointed out to them; but the public shall not know them. I rather will suffer myself to be condemned, than to commit a mean-ness in order to defend myself.

As for the rest, I will not conceal that I am still not cautious enough, and too unreserved, to many whom I fancy to have more honesty, secrecy, and prudence, than they really possess. When I write letters, I forget the world, and address myself to the heart and the understanding of him to whom I write, and whose letters I have before me. *He*, and not the *public*, inspires me. *He* has put questions to me, and I answer. He has obliged me to say something which is useful to him, and hurtful to no one, if only he and myself sees that letter. If he, or some other person, circulates the letter, then I can be answerable for nothing. The public has
not

not the eyes of him to whom I write. What is most fit for him, can appear very unfit to the public; and what strikes him most, can appear very insipid to others—The public hears only one party, and the other finds no hearing—That I know, and as far as I can view this as the decree of Providence, I am easy, and thank God that I am so, and can write with large characters in my Journal,
I CAN WAIT!

~~~~~  
To Mrs. N\*\*\*.

My dearest Friend,

Saturday, March 13, 1773.

I WILL give you some passages of my life, or rather of my character.

God led me *one* way, from my earliest youth to the present day. I was always

VOL. II.

T

weak



weak and bold—foolish and happy—childish and strong—meek and passionate—both in a very high degree—God always treated me with the greatest tenderness.—My greatest faults were known to no one but myself and only a few friends.—God has ever brought to light my good actions, however anxious I was to conceal them—He has accomplished my most secret wishes, when I expected it least.—He has given me whatever I have begged of him with silent, bold, and filial confidence. You hardly can conceive how confidential I was in praying—before I had acquired theory. With the improvement of theory, the secret, sublime, heart-elevating experience has decreased (q).

—The

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(q) Experiences of this nature, which are not founded on theory, that is, on just and precise notions of human nature, and the operations of our mind, are always deceitful—They can afford us great pleasure; however, they

also

—The spirit evaporated—I wanted to seek God from knowledge—However, he has no ear for any thing but for the silent, simple, and warm feelings of the heart.—There was a time when I carried this treasure only in my breast—felt myself all-powerful—when no distress could damp my spirit—when I triumphantly hailed, in every darkness of my path, with a noble heroic pride, and silent faith, the dawning light, ere I beheld the faintest ray of it—No sooner felt a friend of

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also can lead us to dangerous precipices; and the joy they create cannot always stand the test. The more we suffer ourselves to be guided by violent, lively sensations, the more will the state of our mind, and our morality, depend upon the condition of our body, and of external, accidental objects; and the more will our virtue and happiness be subject to changes. On the contrary, the more we accustom ourselves to regulate our actions after clear notions and principles, the firmer we will proceed on the path of Christian probity, and the more serenity and peace of mind will accompany us on our road. EDITOR.

my bosom, no sooner felt my fainted Hefs, at the time when the sweet presentiment of immortality thrilled his heart, at the dark evening of life, something of the great mystery of faith(*r*), when my heart smote me.

I preserved it for a long, long time in my heart, and adored the father of sublime pre-

(*r*) The greatest mystery, or rather the strongest proof of our faith in God, consists in our firm belief that God, as the best and wisest of fathers, will give us every thing that, according to our individual capacities and situations, is useful and salutary to us, as far as it is consistent with the established order of things, with the welfare of the rest of his children, and with the secret, but certainly most perfect plan of his government. If I believe this firmly, and submit patiently to all decrees of God, should I then not act more consistent with my frailties, and my dependence upon him, than when I make bold to prescribe to him, as it were, *how* he shall govern myself and others, and *what* he shall do in this or that individual case? I do not know myself and others, present and futurity, as I ought to do, if I would demand of God *unconditionally*, and *peremptorily*, for myself or others, certain *fixed*, *individual*, spiritual or bodily advantages or gifts. EDITOR.

sentiments

sentiments with many a sweet tear — — became again thoughtless,—forgot God and my duty, and the name which nobody knows except who receives it, swayed by passion and scepticism—I then was plunged in distress—in threatening distress—labyrinths without an outlet surrounded me—I beheld nothing but gaping gulphs—however, I did not sink — — — I called to the Lord, and he answered me, and delivered me from all my distress.

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To Mrs. S. E. G.

My dear Mrs. G***,

I WAS just going to send you a few lines along with the inclosed sermons, and begged Miss M*** to write for me, when I received

T 3

your

your valuable letter and the inclosed from you; I shall therefore be under the necessity to endeavour to spare a little time for a few lines more ----- Ascribe my brevity to nothing else but to necessity. I am *poor* in every respect—this all my friends must do me the favour to *believe*. There are too many who think me to be rich—and for that very reason I am poor.—Let not your spirit give way, although I should not be able to procure you, in your great distress, the assistance I wish so ardently to afford. I cannot alter the decrees of God. The less we see, the firmer, the more approved and pure, our faith will be. I inclose the trifles you have desired; of all my writings I have left only one copy, a few pamphlets excepted. I have been afflicted for a considerable time with a dry cough; however, it is not so violent as it used to be formerly.

My

My business increases every day; but God has sent me some time since an assistant, whom I, however, very likely, shall not be able to retain long.

May the paternal grace of God shine upon you, from the face of Jesus Christ(s)!

I recommend myself to your love and prayers. My wife sends her best wishes; and I am, with fraternal affection,

Your, &c.

LAVATER.

(s) The author wishes here that his friend might every day learn to know better the benign and loving sentiments of God towards us, from what Jesus Christ has taught us in his gospel with respect to his Father, and from what he has done for the benefit of mankind, according to the will of God. T.

March 20, 1773.

SO sure as it is, my dear friend, that the father of every love can *only love*, so sure you may be that you never will be deceived in consoling yourself⁽¹⁾—We have still from our childhood the false notion that we could *offend* God immediately, that he was *injured*

(1) Mark well, Christian reader, that the author speaks here to a person of whose probity he was perfectly sure. *Such* a person can, indeed, not falsely console himself; he can be assured of the most merciful indulgence of God. *If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.* Whoever appropriates to himself the divine promises, and yet does not seriously and indefatigably strive to fulfil the conditions annexed to them, consoles himself, indeed, falsely. He expects advantages and blessings he is not capable of receiving. As for the rest, God can, indeed, not be *offended* nor *injured*, in the literal sense of the word, however we *offend* and *injure* ourselves; and our peace of mind, and our perfection, suffer by every *relapse* into sin. *Therefore let him that standeth take heed, lest he fall!* EDITOR.

by

by our relapses. This deprives of our joy, and retards our coming to God. However, this darkness, too, is nevertheless a blessing, although it should surround us till we arrive at the end of our career; yet I wish that every brother and sister might be freed of it. Whoever has the sense of childhood will comprehend this. Infinitely much is included therein.

My dear Mrs. Gr.

March 27, 1773.

HERE I send you a small token of my being alive, and of my friendship. I have no time, and the weak state of my health, which is very much enfeebled by a constant dry cough, does not allow me to write much. I greet you in the Lord, from the bottom of my heart.

heart. Remember me frequently in your prayers—that the glory of the unknown God may be displayed in me, and through me, to the mortification of unbelief, and the increase of faith.—O how unknown is God, even to those who fancy themselves enlightened (*u*)!

(*u*) We can, indeed, form no adequate notions of God. Yet, if we pay proper regard to what the scripture and reason teach us, we can know as much of him as he will we *shall* know; and that is sufficient for our happiness. If we know what God is with regard to ourselves, then we need not to trouble ourselves about what he is *in himself*. This knowledge is hidden from mortal men; and whoever is impatient to pry into it, will certainly be disappointed: for he transgresses the bounds set to mortal beings by the infinite wisdom of God. T.

March

March 29, 1773.

IT is out of my power to write a long letter; want of health, and business, do not allow me to do it. Accept, with your innate goodness, the small token of my friendship, which I have inclosed, and let me hear your opinion upon it, as soon as convenient to yourself.

The present state of Christianity, particularly in Germany, appears to me to hasten towards a great revolution. Most Christians constantly keep too boldly, and too obstinately, to extremes. It requires great honesty and wisdom to keep firm to the *gospel of Christ*. Ere long the truth will be confirmed, *Whoever is not with me, is against me!*

May the truth and goodness of God be active within us! Let us seek with an upright

right heart the unknown God—who cannot be known otherwise than through Jesus Christ—and then we shall behold his glory, and rejoice! Amen.

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*To Mr. H.*

April 10, 1773.—On the great Sabbath  
of our Redeemer.

Dear Brother,

ON Good-Friday eve I received your lamentatory letter, in which you desire me to pray for K\*\*\*.—What effect do you think it has had upon me? Quite a contrary one to what you probably expected. “That “his errors might be kept secret”—this alone prompted me to prayers. Not the other reason. You possess, still, too much passion, brother; and too little tranquil, simple,

ple, filial faith—You have a childish fear of the devil—but no child-like faith in God. I do not pay so much honour to Satan as to be afraid of him. I have very little to do with this vanquished and crushed enemy(x).

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I cannot implore God that K\*\*\* may not study physic. Let him study it if he

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(x) The less the better, Christian reader. To be afraid of Satan, or to ascribe to him the least power over men, belongs to what the scripture calls the kingdom of Satan, or of darkness; and thereby it means the idolatry, superstition, and wickedness, prevailing among the then heathenish nations. As Christians, we are transplanted out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light. Wicked desires, and bad, seducing people, are our *Satans*, our *adversaries*, against whom we must guard. James i. 13—15. I would advise thee, Christian reader, to care as little as possible for the devil, and to behave, with respect to him, as if he did not exist. So I have done these twenty years, after having been deceived in my early youth by childish prejudices and fancies; and I find myself very happy by doing so. EDITOR.

has



has an inclination to do so. A good voluntary physician is better than a forced servant of Christ. Do you not, dear brother, create unnecessary wants merely for the sake of having occasion for praying. Thou hast sufficient reason for it already—and never wilt be in want of occasion for praying. Do not misunderstand me. I love brevity, like my master. Pray for nothing more ardently than for wisdom. Wisdom will teach thee for what thou oughtst to pray, and for what not (y). Have faith—faith is of more value than praying.

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(y) Should not this wisdom teach us, too, that we are not wise enough to demand of God without *restriction* such particular and *individual* blessings, and, as it were, to prescribe to him, who is *alone wise*, how he shall govern the world? *He is the Lord, he may do whatever he thinks fit. Father, not mine, but thy will be done!* This, I think, is the language of true Christian wisdom. Adore the greatness and glory of God, Christian reader; rejoice with  
a grateful

Thy dear letters of the 7th and 5th of February-I received in bed ; for I have been ill a long time—and worse, or rather weaker, than ever I was. Just now the megrim forces one tear after the other from my left eye, and I cough very much. My illness bears particularly heavy on me in the Passion week, when I ought to preach six times.

In such a case, you, dear D\*\*\*\*\*, would have again done too much honour to Satan, and suspected him of some malicious trick ; I do not think so.

My wife, too, is not well—yet she has

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a grateful heart at his blessings ; let his providence set thy heart at ease ; acquire before him strength in every virtue and pious sentiment, and especially in the sentiments of universal fraternal love. Join, in thy mind, with all thy brethren before God, the father of all men, and leave to his guidance their and thy fate ; then thy prayers certainly will be wise, acceptable to God, and useful to thyself and others. EDITOR.

faith

faith for me, and I have faith for her.—Now a few words more in answer to your letter.

I neither resemble Isaias, nor does O..... resemble Jeremias.—Your advice to make a careful use of every stone thrown down by Oettinger, which may be serviceable for erecting the great edifice, deserves not to be disregarded. I sympathize, indeed, with Isaias. I prefer him to all the great men of the old covenant, David excepted; of whose heart, sometimes, one sees more than of his spirit. With regard to instruction, Isaias, St. Paul, and St. John, are almost alone very important to me among the authors of holy scripture.

Oettinger's defence of the sense of single words is evidently carried too far, how fond soever I am of settling the proper sense of words. To build whole theories upon single expressions—is to build on the point of a pin.

pin.—Farewell, my dear. Give my love to your wife and children, and never cease to be my friend and brother.

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To Mr. K.

April 10, 1773.

HEARKEN, my weak brother, for a few moments, to a brother who is equally weak; for I can converse with you only a few moments. There is no sin so deadly poisonous as unbelief—Unbelief is the sin of all sins in the territory of Satan—Unbelief, concealed under the mask of piety—unbelief, arising from false humanity—is one of the most crafty stratagems of the enemy of God and truth.—I intreat you earnestly not to be disheartened—God is unalterable, though we are not. He never ceases to love, though

we should (z) cease to love. He who is within us is greater than him who is in the world. Resist Satan, and he will flee from you. Drive him away with a few words of scripture, which will cut his black soul (a).

Con-

(z) Very true! Yet God always sees and judges us as we really are; and the more active and sincere our love towards him is, the more capable are we to profit by his love, his favour, and his blessings. He never can mistake the sinner for guiltless, the weak for strong, the wavering for steadfast, nor faults for perfections. The greater, O Christian! thy love to God is, the more ardently oughtst thou to desire to do what pleases him. EDITOR.

(a) The author's meaning is, that we ought to suppress, and to reject *instantly*, all bad ideas and desires arising within us, and replace them by pious, Christian ideas. For holy scripture says no-where, that Satan is *about* and *near* us in such a manner, that he could hear us, and be put to flight by what we are saying to him. This would make him *omnipresent*, because there are so many people, living at so great a distance from each other, who are tempted and enticed to wicked ideas and deeds, at one and the same time; and *omnipresence* is an attribute *only* of

Continue in the calling to which you are called by God, else you will repent of it. If you are fallen, God is powerful enough to raise you up again.—Whoever is tired of rising up again a thousand times, because he is fallen a thousand times, never will attain his aim—because of his want of faith. He who commands us to *forgive* seventy times seven in a day, will certainly forgive us at least *so* many times within a whole year.—God will certainly hide your transgressions(*b*)!

of God. What St. Peter says, 1 Pet. v. 8. can be applied very well to a man then living, who was a violent adversary and a cunning defamer of the Christians.

EDITOR.

(*b*) Yes, he will do it, if it is conformable to his wisdom, and subservient to his designs, unknown to us. If this is not the case, he brings to light the sins and faults of many pious people, in order to humble them, and to caution others. God has given us no particular promises on that head. Could we therefore expect it so absolutely and without restriction? EDITOR.

Believe it only simply and boldly. I speak from repeated experience.—Begin with a *new courage*, and God will return to you with *new blessings*. Forget what is behind you—and do not sorrow for the following day. The mercy of Jesus Christ be with you!

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To L\*\*\*.

April 10, 1773.

**O** THOU dear, dear L\*\*\*, why am I so inactive with respect to you—why so unkind?—But you know my situation. My health is mending by little and little—I shall preach to-morrow and next Thursday, if it pleases God. I wish to be of more use to you; but, God knows, it is not in my power. I am too much beloved. I am frequently (so I think) near the great mark—  
but

but more frequently very near the most dreadful abyss. Yet I have more faith, than I dare say—although my dear friends repose too much faith in me.—You have in general too much *confidence* in me, and too little in God.—A few words more!—May Jesus Christ be revived in you through the belief of his being alive—and along with him the power of God, wisdom, and goodness.—Give my love to whomsoever you like, and as much as you like, with the full blessing of the gospel.

To Mr. S. at L.

April 15, 1773.

YOUR whole instructive letter contains nothing that ought to have made you afraid of my being angry at it, except the words—

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“ If



"If you, perhaps, should be angry at it!"—  
However, this too I will pass over without  
anger. Believe me, my dear friend, charity  
is not easily provoked. What you write  
flows from a sincere heart, and bespeaks  
an amiable simplicity—and even the *ardour*  
which I fancy to perceive, is noble and  
amiable in your situation.

Whether I shall wish less for your picture?

—O you dear, suspicious man!—Forgive  
me! You are a good man, whatsoever may  
have made you so—You love Jesus Christ  
sincerely—whatever notions of him may af-  
fect you most.—Should I then despise you?  
Should I not think you good, and a friend  
of Jesus Christ? It was a noble admonition  
your brother Frank, of Montmiral, addressed  
to the assembled brethren, when my name  
was mentioned: "Brethren! remember what  
"Jesus said, when he was informed that a  
"person

“ person who was not numbered among his  
“ apostles, was driving out the devils in his  
“ name : Do not oppose him ; for no one  
“ can do a deed in my name, and yet speak  
“ ill of me. Whoever is not against us is  
“ for us.” The same admonition shall guide  
me with regard to you. Why should I de-  
spise you, because I know you follow a  
system which differs from mine?—or, per-  
haps, you only express my system with other  
words than I do ? Whether I really have  
the love I profess—whether I, as many think,  
belong to those proud cavillers, to those un-  
feeling makers of systems, who are so detri-  
mental to religion, which is nothing but  
faith and love ; whether I am proud of my  
merits ; whether I do not think myself the  
most guilty sinner ; whether I seek any thing  
else but the *mercy* of God through Christ ;  
whether I endeavour to hide my faults from

fear to strike my self-love a deadly blow? dear Mr. S. I will be silent with regard to these points, will leave the decision of them to God, and patiently wait till he shall decide.

It is true, we express ourselves differently with respect to our notions of our dear Lord. It is true, your notions are as intolerable to me, as mine are to you—but why should we quarrel about it? Let us *love* our great Redeemer as well as we can—for to love him is our only scope—and let us not look upon each other with an evil eye, because each of us is arrived to that love through notions of his own, which he believed to be just.

Suppose, my dear friend, both of us should be in danger of life at the same time—and a noble-minded man plunged into the flames to save us; and, in effecting our delivery, sacrificed

sacrificed his life—suppose we could not find words sufficiently to praise the generosity of our deliverer; and endeavoured, and thought it the greatest pleasure, to shew all possible love to his children—only with that difference, that you called his generous deed an *atonement* or *satisfaction*, but I should prefer to use expressions which should appear to me clearer, more natural, more affecting and just; as, *I owe my life to this man; alas! he fell a victim for me! his death was my life!* &c. &c.—would it not be ridiculous, if you would call me ungrateful, proud, cavilling, if you would suspect me of uncharitableness, because I used these natural expressions with a heart overflowing with gratitude?

My language may sound foolishly in your ears; however, I shall never renounce, nor consent to be deprived of, the liberty which God and his light gives me.—*Humility and assurance*



*assurance of faith* are as little incompatible with each other as *light* and *fire*. However, man commonly separates what God wants to be united.

Partiality is a fault most common with those who do not receive the *whole* gospel with a filial love of truth.

An important observation which I must make to you, and which is of the greatest consequence to you, is this:

“The best, noblest, and most divine sentiments, which owe their origin to  
“certain ideas and notions, are no  
“proof that these ideas and notions  
“are just.”

If you would take the trouble to examine this idea, what a light would arise to you!

There are some Roman Catholics, to whom the belief in the transmutation of bread affords most unutterable sweet sensations—as there

there are certainly Calvinists, to whom *their* notion affords the most grateful, purest, and most divine sentiments.

One of these notions must be erroneous.— It must therefore be possible that false notions, too, can produce, in a good heart, excellent, good, and divine sentiments; and it is wrong to conclude—this or that notion edifies me very much, it procreates within me divine sentiments, consequently it must be just and divine.

Fancy yourself, with your good, excellent, and noble heart, in the room of a sensible Roman Catholic: how would you then write to me?—Without doubt, you would say, “O! my dear Mr. Lavater, pray become as “a little child; believe willingly! The doctrine of the transmutation of bread strikes “indeed a deadly blow to reason. However, “if you would believe, you would experience

“ence what I experience: it cannot be ex-  
“pressed by words what I experience when  
“I receive the real body of the Lord! how  
“I am melted with heavenly sensations!  
“how it legitimates itself in my soul as the  
“essential body and blood of God! how the  
“blood of the God-man transports me be-  
“yond myself!—If you but knew it, if you  
“had honesty and simplicity enough to make  
“a trial—how intolerable would reason,  
“which tells you,” ‘Bread is bread, and  
‘wine is wine,’ “appear to you!”—Dear Mr.  
S. would you not, very probably, speak so to  
me? Well, shall I then believe a *piece of*  
*bread* to be the *creator of heaven and earth*,  
and the *juice of the grape* the *blood of God*,  
because I do not deny your pious sentiments,  
which your faith may have produced, to be  
divine, and because you admonish me so  
brotherly and tenderly?

I wish

I wish to know how our brother Burgman has received my frank and undisguised answer, which I have sent him by our brother Hafencamp. Of a man of his noble and humane character I expect fraternal sentiments in censuring my ideas—and along with these fraternal sentiments *reasons*—light and *wisdom*; for—forgive me that I once more recur to this point!—for even the most gentle admonition is a mere *charm* for *weak* and *good* hearts, if not founded on plain and clear arguments. Dear Mr. S. let us take care not to mistake for truth what is erroneous, because a false notion has afforded us edification and good sentiments!—Truth is superior to edification, as justice is superior to love.—Error produces a temporary, truth a lasting edification—One must not offer violence to human nature. To bring to light what is hidden in its utmost recesses—



cesses—and it contains nothing artificial—this is (to use your own words) Jesus-like wisdom. God is all love; Jesus Christ is all love! and man, too, ought to be all love. There you have, in a few words, my whole system of religion.—Who believes in the love of God through Christ Jesus, he, and he only, can love as Christ has loved—or rather, through him God can love as he has loved through Jesus Christ. All love comes from God so directly and immediately as Christ came from him.—Whoever believes that God is love in Christ, is love, and happy in love. All happiness consists in love, and without love no happiness is possible. No happiness is possible without God, as there is no love without him.—Jesus Christ is the centre of the love of God.—Whosoever directs his eye towards it, and is caught by it, becomes a ray of the divine love.

This,

This, my dear friend, you will certainly understand (c). In this you certainly agree with me. If this doctrine should be *intolerable* to you, we will put a stop—not to our love—but to our correspondence, till it shall be tolerable to you or intolerable to me.—The wounds of Christ certainly will teach you to be just to those of whom you know nothing displeasing, except that they neither

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(c) Although the author is fully persuaded, that his friend will understand him, yet I must confess that I cannot understand him entirely; and this will probably be the case with many of his readers. We will, therefore, suspend our judgement of some obscure passages and expressions, till the author shall, one time, have explained himself better.—I have, however, been obliged to omit some passages, because not every one sees with the eye of a friend. I cannot be offended by whatever a man says, of whose probity and love of truth I am convinced; and I listen to him with pleasure, and learn at least something of him, even when he seems to err: but probably not every reader may think so. EDITOR.

will

will nor can make use of certain expressions, because they appear to them to be contrary to the whole system of scripture. If I believe all what God says, all what he has done through Christ Jesus ; if I adore Christ as the *sole*, immediate, and eternal author, not only of my immortality, but also of all happiness, I adore him with the sincerest love and cordiality ; if I believe that I owe *him* every thing, every thing without exception ; if I sincerely rejoice at his incomparable love, surpassing all understanding ; if I believe his death to be the life of the world, and the greatest sacrifice which ever has been offered to God ; if he is to me all in all ; if I begin every thing with him, continue every thing with him, and do every thing with regard to him ; if I rejoice even at hearing only his name mentioned ; if I deem his reproach my reproach, and his honour

honour my honour; if I look upon every mortal as one for whom Christ died; if I devote myself to God for the benefit of mankind, to the joy of Christ Jesus; if I devote myself so entirely to him as he has devoted himself to God; if I do and suffer every thing in his name, that is, if I always act and suffer as Christ would act and suffer, if in my place; if I do, or only endeavour to do that; am I then, my dear S. a *Socinian*—or a Christian (*d*)? I entreat you, my dearest fellow-

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(*d*) I am always grieved when I hear a *Socinian* pronounced to be the *reverse* of a Christian. The author, no doubt, is no *Socinian*, nor am I one. However, *ought* and *dare* we pronounce *infidels* those who commonly are called *Socinians*? How can this be consistent with *truth*, with *Christian charity*, and *forbearance*? How erroneous soever some doctrines of the *Socinians* may be; yet they believe Christ to be sent by God, to be their instructor and benefactor, their Lord and Master; they believe the doctrine of Christ to be true, and of a divine origin; con-



fellow-redeemed, do not condemn me, though I with the purest heart—till you know me better; and have carefully examined, only after the gospel, my assertions!—  
 I am no *great* Mr. Lavater, and have therefore no occasion for taking another course in *that respect*; as your well-meant wish seems to indicate; although I must confess that I have, every day, reason to be ashamed of

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side in his promises, and endeavour to execute his commandments, and to imitate his example. Should a person who believes and does that be no Christian? Who of us is free of *all* errors? Have the disciples of Christ harboured no errors *at all* while he was alive? Have the primitive Christians, many of whom wanted to retain the Judaic laws, so evidently inconsistent with Christianity, have they been infidels? And what man rejects *truth* as *truth*? Thank God, Christian reader, if thou hast *more* knowledge of truth than others, and live conforming to this knowledge; but take care not to condemn nor to despise those whom thou fanciest to be *less enlightened* and *less happy* than thyself! T.

many

many deviations from those amiable, child-like sentiments of a true Christian.

I now will and must finish my letter. May God render the communications of our ideas a blessing both for us and others.

Love me, as I am beloved by Christ; if Christ abides in your heart, you will not deny me your forbearance and love, and imitate the example of God, who loves me through Christ Jesus.

I thank you sincerely for your friendly and kind offer. The grace of Christ be with us. Amen.

To Mrs. D. de B.

April 16, 1773.

**ALTHOUGH** your kind presents give great pleasure to my children, yet they make me blush too much. Your desire to find out pleasures for others carries you too far. How much do I wish—not to reward (for it is also a duty of friendly gratitude to leave to others the satisfaction of bestowing a kindness without receiving a reward for it), but to give you a hint at least, how much pleasure it would afford me to return your kindness.

Our dear Mr. \*\*\*\* will stay with me till Sunday, perhaps longer. He has informed me of your offer. I shall take the liberty of making use of it—if it pleases God to grant

grant us the pleasure of seeing each other once more in this world.

The idea that the best-natured people differ so much in their opinions, and frequently are so suspicious of each other, is extremely gloomy and distressing to beings who are either too short-sighted, or incapable to look a few inches forward into futurity. It is a very good observation of Moses Mendelssohn, *The more limited our understanding is, the more exclusive our principles will be.*

My wife and myself have recovered, as well as possible, from a very severe illness. My two children are also restored to health. My too anxious friends say that my health requires a capital cure. In matters of that nature, my motto always is, *Nihil velle & nihil nolle.*—Farewell! My dear wife begs to be remembered to you, and I beg you to remember me before the Lord.



To Mr. H\*\*\*.

My dear Mr. H\*\*\*,

April 17, 1773.

YOU have put the important question to me, "How and by what means the kingdom of God could be propagated by you at S\*\*\* in the best manner possible?" I will tell you my opinion as plain and brief as possible. Happiness arises from faith, faith from hearing, and hearing comes by the word of God. Endeavour to read, not only in private, but also once every week in a society of very intimate friends, the historical and moral pieces of the Old and New Testament, without prejudice, and in such a manner as if you were reading them the first time. *Hear first these witnesses of God;*

faith

faith comes by *hearing*, by tranquil, undisturbed, and impartial attention. Above all, do not neglect the historical part; represent to your imagination, as if you were an eye-witness, the *deeds of relieving Omnipotence*; make from these incidents the same applications a sensible spectator would make. From *such* a hearing faith will arise and increase. Attend carefully to what you have before you; forget all interpretations and opinions of others; make few remarks for edification—practise first the true, child-like, simple *hearing*; then you will constantly hear of one and the same thing—namely, of an *all-powerful love*, relieving, pardoning, and blessing, all those who confide in it. You will constantly find one and the same almighty, beneficent, and general Godhead—and you will be excited to believe the love which God bears us, and which has

displayed itself and assumed a *human* shape in the person of Jesus Christ.—And if you believe in this love, you will be able to love; and according to the degree of that faith, and according to the degree of that love, you will be happy.—The reading of the scripture in a society, the members of which are of the same mind, friends of truth, and of an humble disposition (the number of whom ought, however, not to be too great at first), is one of the simplest and safest means to propagate the kingdom of God; that is to say, to render more public, and more efficacious, the comforting truth, *God is king; God is a beneficial, helping power.*

and blessing, all those who con-  
 sider in it. You will constantly find one and  
 the same almighty, benevolent, and general  
 Godhead—and you will be excited to believe  
 the love which God bears us, and which has  
 displayed

A X

To

## To HASENCAMP.

Thursday, April 29, 1773.

FANNED by gentle, vernal breezes, I  
 write an answer to your letter from the  
 ----- at the castle of my friend's father-  
 in-law, who is sitting by my side. Upon my  
 right, an extensive field, encircled with rising  
 hills, and covered with wood, hails my eye—  
 while P-- is fixing his looks on the garland  
 which the hand of his excellent virgin sister  
 has wreathed around my hat, inhaling its  
 fragrant smell with serene, cheerful looks,  
 and joining with me in adoring, with a silent,  
 panting heart, the goodness of the Father of  
 nature which is stored up around us.

I can-



I cannot condemn verbal prayer, nor can I think it useless, if it has spirit and life. Words are the body of the spirit. We must receive every spirit of life in some shape or other. *All is body and spirit.* A verbal prayer, therefore, is consistent with the general analogy.

At one time Christ *acted*, and at another time he *uttered oral prayers*, inspired by faith. Let us never view the Bible partially! and never form *general* EXCLUSIVE rules from single strokes. Partiality is the source and the character of all sects.—So much of that!

I am again at Zurich. On my arrival, I found my wife very ill. She has just now violent pains in her side, and such a dreadful cough, that it cuts the heart of those that hear her. — The dear, patient, lamb! — She would not embitter the pleasure I enjoyed

joyed in the country—I was therefore left ignorant of her illness, and dreadful pains, till my return.

God grant that I may be able to pray, or to have faith. My sweet little daughter has also a violent cough—and I am afflicted with the same complaint. Yet I am in good health, in comparison with my wife.

Brother, be not urgent in your prayers, if you feel no impulse—impulse of faith (e). Let thy oral prayer be the offspring of *unfeigned truth*—let thy looks bespeak *faith*—

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(e) I would rather say, Be not urgent *at all!* for it ill suits beings, who are so short-sighted and ignorant as we, and it avails nothing. Take care not to mistake the effects of a sensible heart, or of a heated imagination, for an impulse of faith. Pray God, in general, to grant whatever his unerring wisdom, and his paternal goodness, may deem salutary to thyself and others, and then expect with confidence that he will grant what shall be best for thyself and others, whether thou hast prayed expressly for it or not. EDITOR.

thy

thy uplifted arm *unshaken confidence*—thy bended knee *thanksgiving* for what thou art supplicating.—I hope you have received my *Jonas* by this time. I am informed that they are amazed in Germany at our intimate friendship. I am not astonished that Germany is amazed at it. I foresaw it; nay, I foresaw still more than that; and the more I could expect it, the firmer was my resolution to dedicate my Sermons on *Jonas* to you—and to do it in the manner I have done. . . . Pf. . . is still at H. There abides serenity and humility, hunger for edification, and unbiaſſed enjoyment of the beauties of nature; thirst for knowledge, light, innocence, and hilarity; there serious attention goes hand in hand with reflection, with confidential, warning, cheering, and seasoned jests.—There the poor find bread, shelter, and kind hosts—There one learns, what so few

few of the godly know, that, to be pleased and satisfied with God for the sake of nature, and with nature for the sake of God—with ourselves for the sake of both—constitutes wisdom, happiness, and religion (f).

who are inferior to thee. Therefore not

(f) It is sincerely to be lamented, that so many worthy people, who have a true regard for religion and piety, have the false notion, that godliness is inconsistent with hilarity and a cheerful enjoyment of the things of this world. This prejudice, and the gloominess which it begets, is extremely detrimental to the propagation of the kingdom of God, the great scope of which is to sweeten the toils of this life, and to teach us to ensure future happiness in the world hereafter. One of the greatest sources of aversion from piety and religion springs from the false idea, that one must cease to be a human being, and renounce for ever the pleasures of this world, if one will be a Christian. If the unbeliever and the sceptic should see that the true Christian, by his religion, is rendered the most cheerful companion, the best citizen, parent, and child, the faithfullest friend, the best master and servant, and undaunted in misfortune, then his own interest would prompt him to become a believer, a true Christian. T.

I tell



I tell thee, brother, not in order to pay thee a compliment, but in full earnest, thou oughtst not, oughtst never think *thyself* inferior to me—because I am still inferior, much inferior, than thou canst imagine, to many who are inferior to thee. Therefore not a word more of that, if thou wilt instruct, reprove, warn, and direct me.

Thou art not mistaken; I have said little, too little, in my *Views of Eternity*, about the angels, and the intermediate state of the soul which will take place between our death and resurrection; because I know little of it, but expect to receive better information from thee and others.

To Dr. ZIMMERMAN.

Dear Doctor,

May 4, 1773.

I RECEIVED your dear letter the evening after our synod, and, consequently, exactly half a year after the last you wrote me.—Well, well!—my anger on that score is over now. Witness thereof, I am going to write to you—not a note—but a letter—though the composing of it should take up eight days. I will endeavour to return your kindness—But, in order to be satisfied with little, you must not forget that I am not physician to the King of Great Britain, but only—a poor, humble priest.

First of all, I must tell you, that there is not a syllable of truth in what has been reported about the riots at Zurich. We live together

together like children, and let things go in their usual train. A new regulation of our military establishment is the only thing possible which can have given birth to that omnipresent lie—not to the least disturbance—but to a lie of a disturbance—There never has a report been more unfounded than that.

—Your *Questions of Pedantry*, I shall read, please God, cause to be read, and circulate—not without edification. On the evening of our synod I read them to a circle of colleagues—and soon after another performance, ten times more striking, was read. You must read and circulate it, and praise or censure it as it will be best to make it known. Its title is, *Letter from the Pastor at \*\*\*\*\* to the Pastor at \*\*\*\**, translated from the French.

As for your long silence—you may make yourself easy; although every one of your  
letters

letters gives me the greatest pleasure, and affords me much instruction. Make no excuses—*believe in my faith in you.*

I thank you sincerely for all that you have done for poor Peter Kraemer. Give my thanks to all who have been charitable to him and his family.

Mrs. N... is a very poor, pious widow, who indeed mistakes a great deal of theological ignis fatuus for the sun, and is pretty well conversant in a certain phraseology. I am sorry that she has troubled you. I must have patience with more than a hundred persons of that sort—and this is very salutary to me, and better than to be a braggart, and to write *Views of Eternity*.

The critique on the third volume of *the Views*, in the *Frankfurter Anzeiger*, I think, is one of the best that ever has been made. I shall certainly make use of the remarks



which it contains. However, it is as clear as twice two are four, that the Reviewer has mistaken, as much as possible, the scope of these letters. It is not Herder, but Niemeyer, who has reviewed the Idylles of Gessner. I expect him soon at Zurich, and his acquaintance will undoubtedly prove infinitely useful to me.

The rest of what they have said concerning the *Views* and *Poems* I shall fairly and honestly answer in the additions:

I. What is the view of the author?

II. Is that view of importance?

III. Does his work answer that view?

These, my dear Zimmerman, are the only questions we ought to put to ourselves when we are going to review a work, and which not one reader among a hundred, not one Journalist among a thousand, puts to himself: thence the eternal, superficial censures.

Every

Every reader comes to the book with his prejudices, and his taste; never inquires, For whom has this book been written, and with what view? He never puts himself in the author's place; his only question is, Does it afford me amusement? is it adapted to my taste?—However, this cannot be altered, and will continue so to the end of the world; we shall continue to write, and the public will continue to criticise and to read our works.

As for the rest, you must give me leave to make a free remark. I think your opinion on the same subject is likewise not settled enough. You waver too frequently between praise and censure, merely out of *friendship for your friends*.

Mere readers will find the second volume of my *Essays on Physiognomy insupportable*—however, *speculating geniuses*

A plan of a new science, no matter whether good or bad, is important. This you will see, though the whole world should not; this you will affirm, though the whole world should deny it. A literary performance may be useful to *few*, but to these *few* *extremely* *useful*.

Do you think—or, rather, you think—that I cannot forget my judgment of the R. . . . No, my dear friend, I do not forget so easily what I feel more strongly every day, and what makes me groan heavier every moment.

However, if I step into the country of Gosen, called *Knowledge of Man*, then I learn to be *silent*, and, instead of *transmoulding eternal things after myself*, I *transmould myself after them*; or, if it should not sound too ascetic to your nice ear, to be *made all things to all men*—of course, a *pedant to the pedant*—No! rather any thing than that.

Dear

Dear soul! . . . . If you were as sure that I WRITE this without the least *repentment*, as you would be of it, if you were to hear me utter what I should wish to *write* to you, I would write, that you deceive yourself extremely, if you believe that I ever have been under the hands of *Pietists, Ascetics, and Enthusiasts*, how much soever I may have been in danger to become one of them—although I was never inclined that way longer than twice twenty-four hours. As for the rest, your solemn declaration, *that it would not have been of the least detriment to my eternal salvation*, if I never had been connected with people of that sort, is perfectly just, *a priori* and *a posteriori*—because *I never have been*.

Do not care, I entreat you, what people think of me. To you I will shew myself as I really am—As for the rest, *I can wait*.

It is true, why should I conceal it, that I



was in great danger to become a spiritual Don Quixotte—however, you cannot be surer of your existence, than that I never shall be one.

You would be astonished if you were to know how I have improved in tolerating—not errors and vices, but the erring and vicious. Truly you would not know me. You will see by my Sermons on Jonas, particularly the second volume, but you will see still clearer one time, will observe with astonishment by my *works on different subjects*, that I would be a villain if I had declined a hair's breadth from the *substance* of my theological and moral ideas—however, if you listen to the groundless prejudices of the world, rather than *pay attention to my arguments*—then I shall certainly gain nothing by it. If I had but the smallest satirical vein, I would ridicule the frivolous cavils of

so many bright geniuses, as you and your fellows ridicule the *supposed fanaticism* of many people. Man, dear Zimmerman, is as little *all soul as he is all body*—Man is as little *all light and all fire* as the sun. In our modern times, it is deemed a kind of *galantry*, and seems to be *fashionable language*, which, however, will not be of long duration, *to pretend perceiving certain things by means of the intellectual powers*. Vide the *Franckfort Advertiser* of 1772, and the Letter from the Pastor of \*\*\* to the Pastor at \*\*\*.

Apropos! Have you read *Herder on Language*? If not, go and sell all your books, and buy this valuable work. At the same time let me tell you, that a work like this has never before been seen in Germany; and yet Herder is thought by some people, by a certain public, to be a shallow head. What, friend, shall one think of a public

that can undervalue a man thus? Why its judgment, esteem, or fear?

There is a proverb in the *Country of Knowledge of Man*—*Speak to every one in his own language.*

If I could cure only one person (you would say) with a gilt pill of bread, then I should not care to be called a charlatan by the beholder, if I can but cure him. I must, however, also remark, the fine fashionable taste of our age condemns many scriptural and theological expressions, for which neither philosophy nor taste can substitute better ones. But of that at another time, and in a manner more clear and striking.

Now a word more on the manner of conversing with and gaining the affection of men.

Dear friend, I know that I have infinitely less knowledge of man than you; and yet I will lay any thing that you, by your method, gain

gain less men in two or three years than I do. All the arts of knowledge of man which do not evince immediate, pure, and disinterested goodness, may perhaps be employed with success three, four, eight, or ten times; however, the best method a man, who stands every day in need of them, who constantly is *exposed* to the observation of friends and foes, ought to apply, appears to me to be the most successful, if consisting in the most sincere *frankness* of love; for the credit of a man sinks as soon as a single shift or artifice miscarries, or is perceived—and then the damage is irretrievable.—Upright, constant, uniform, firm, benign, humble, and noble *frankness*, upon whose praise or censure one can rely as confidently as on the word of God, always commands *respect*, although it should not have the desired effect. The most admirable finess or flattery, though



though ever so well meant, is always in danger to be observed, and, if once detected, renders suspicious the most cordial honesty. All men are sensible of the language of an honesty which is conscious of its not meaning to *offend*. And such an honesty is a thousand times easier forgiven a fault, than artificial *prudence* will be forgiven a real offence. I shall certainly gain the heart of a fanatic (if it be possible to gain such a man—the most difficult problem)—much sooner by undisguised frankness, even if it should offend a little, if he is only sensible that I do not *disguise* my real sentiments, than by all the methods of mere *forbearing* prudence. Forbearance, however, will always be necessary.

I shall take care not to tell him directly, *Thou art a fanatic*: however, I shall state instances to him, of which he must confess

two things; first, that they are *fanatical*; and then, that they are similar to such as occur in his own life.

If one acts thus upright, but as cordially as possible, such a man must be gained, if ever it be possible.

The general principles which I endeavour to follow, in gaining the hearts of men, are, on my side,—to shew to him, whom I wish to gain, and to make him sensible, that I do not mean to gain any thing by it—that I am entirely void of all interest which is not interest of pure charity; and then to lay down, as a base, an opinion of my antagonist, of the justness of which he is fully convinced, and demonstrate as clearly as possible, by descending gradually from a general to a particular parallel case, that the case which I want to elucidate is perfectly similar to that which my antagonist takes

takes for granted. This was the constant, unalterable method of Jesus Christ. This may truly be called uniting wisdom of serpents with harmlessness of doves; and thus, I think, we must meet at last. This method (I speak from experience) is certainly not fruitless. But on that point I will speak more at large in some other place.

What Spalding and Bafedow would be with regard to religion, if mixed together, Baldinger is with regard to physic, as much as I can conclude from what I have read of him.

Let me add a few trifles more. I have just been reading Wieland's Golden Mirror, with great pleasure. You know, without doubt have heard, that he has wrote a satire upon me, of which I know only a single line by heart, because I have only heard it read, and could not get here the *Almanac of the*  
*Muses,*

*Muses*, published at Goettingen. "What,  
"does not that man see through Bonnet's  
"spectacles?"

May your health blossom like spring, and  
your friendship for me be as immortal as  
your soul! — I embrace you

On LOVE.

May 19, 1773.

LOVE, what art thou? O Love! who of  
all mortals has ever pronounced thy glory  
divine? To give, and to teach, to gladden,  
to comfort, to relieve, and to warn; is this  
the whole compass of Love? Or is it the  
province of Love to forgive and relieve our  
foes; to supplicate blessings, with tears, for  
those



those that wish evil to us? Or is it the duty of Love to waste our fortune for friends, to die in their service, unknowing to them? To grasp the misery of nations, to carry the burden of ages, to soar up to heaven, to plunge into bottomless chasms, for groaning mankind's relief; to be entranced with the happy, to groan with the hapless in darkness of night; to be all for all; to live but in others, as the heart's blood does live in every limb; is this the standard of Love? Speak! answer me, Love! Thou smilest, art silent! Thy smile, what tells it me, heaven-born Love?—*I am all in all; unspeakable like him; unfathomable like him!*

June

June 2, 1773.

EVER since February I have not added a line to my Journal, some letters excepted; and yet I have had many remarkable things to insert. I will begin once more to continue it.....I wanted at first to write down the incidents of yesterday, but that would have made me neglect the occurrences of the present.—I awoke, almost dispirited by the sight of the number of letters which I saw heaped up before me; melancholic on account of E\*\*\*. I rose, cheered by looking up to God; blessed my wife, and sat myself down to write to G\*\*\*, H\*\*\*, and E\*\*\*, being almost angry when I was interrupted. However, my work went on pretty well. At coffee, I related to my wife, and my son, that a boy of eight years,  
the

the son of a female friend of ours at Shaffhausen, was drowned, along with another boy... a warning to my son! I then wrote a letter to the mother of the drowned boy... The letter was so flat, that I was myself sensible of it... however, I could not help it, being too much occupied. I wrote also to Mr. Wolke for Bafedow. Mr. Wolke wrote to me—"Bafedow would have answered, "without delay, your question, concerning "his opinion of the present state of Christi- "anism in Germany, if his firm resolution "to continue his Elementary work without "interruption had allowed him that plea- "sure. However, he deplures, with you, "the corruption, and the impending ruin, "of the best of religions. Yet the arm of "God is not shortened, that he could not "prevent the farther increase of unbelief. "We must hope more than fear, though we  
" can

“ can neither foresee nor divine the wished-  
“ for success of his interposition.” I an-  
swered him: “ The best of religions will  
“ never be entirely overthrown ; I am sure  
“ of it. It will, however, come very near  
“ a seeming overthrow. Deism and Atheism  
“ are almost universal, and every defender  
“ of Christianity will be ridiculed. Many  
“ divines are paving the road towards it,...  
“ and other celebrated men imitate them,  
“ though with more precaution. I have too  
“ many facts before me, which prove that  
“ Deism is gaining ground very fast ; and  
“ then Atheism will be the unavoidable con-  
“ sequence, sooner than one thinks. Who-  
“ ever reasons rationally, will adopt Atheism,  
“ if he *cannot* believe in Christ. I rather  
“ can conceive how one can be an Atheist,  
“ than how it is possible to be a Deist ; be-  
“ cause all the difficulties which occur in



"Christianism attend Deism equally. If  
 "God has not spoken and acted through  
 "Christ; then there *never* has been a God  
 "who has acted and spoken. If Christ is  
 "the work of chance, then man and the  
 "whole world is the work of chance also.  
 "If Christ did not want the assistance of a  
 "God to the performance of his wonderful  
 "deeds, nature also can perform her works  
 "without the interference of a God.—I re-  
 "peat it; Atheism will become common (g),  
 "and

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(g) Christian reader, let not this prophecy make thee  
 uneasy. It is a *mere* human conjecture, which sometimes  
 must indeed appear very probable to a mind dedicated to  
 the Christian doctrine; yet, as it is hoped, never will be  
 realised. God will certainly know how to separate truth  
 from error, and to bring it to light. Christianity will be  
 purified of all human additions, and thereby become more  
 respected, and more efficacious. To this the free but  
 well-meant examinations of many divines, as well as the  
 malicious attacks and ridicules of the enemies of religion,  
 contribute

“and then God will again—*act visibly*, will  
 “shew himself as the author of his works,  
 “and say, *Here am-I!*—Then the *sole article of*  
 “*faith* scripture teaches, will become again  
 “the *sole article of faith with the divines*—God  
 “rewards through Christ those who seek him!”

Mr. B. came to speak to me about a new  
 edition of my *Swiss Hymns*. It struck me to  
 the heart. I neither can nor will revise  
 them a-new; and yet they have so many

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contribute their share. But take care not to confound  
 Deism with Atheism. They differ from each other most  
 strikingly in words and notions. It can, indeed, not be  
 denied, that among the Deists, as they are called, all of  
 whom are reckoned to be adversaries to the Christian re-  
 ligion, many Atheists are found. But there are also honest  
 Deists, who sincerely believe in God, his providence, and  
 a future reward, and certainly never will degenerate into  
 Atheists. Therefore be careful not to pronounce Atheists  
 all those who cannot subscribe to all the doctrines of  
 Christianity. Thou wouldst offend many of them by so  
 doing, and injure them before God and men. EDITOR.

defects which ought to be ameliorated, so much the more, the more frequently these hymns are sung. - - - - -

I was at first tempted to add some new ones; however, I was deterred from doing it, by the recollection of the many works I had promised, and begun, but not finished. Yet at length I promised to revise them.—

We spoke of Mr. Steiner, the new bookseller, whom I so much wished to support. My heart bled at the selfishness and cabals of the booksellers, who threaten to reprint his publications. Mr. B. thought it would be best for him to procure a patent.—Alas! I have prattled away an hour and a half in discussing what might have been settled in half a quarter of an hour.—Providence, however, would have it so. This comforted me again. - - - - -

I wrote

I wrote a letter to L. Z. " May light  
" beam forth from your serene countenance  
" in every dark corner of the heart of M.  
" L. M. thirsting for comfort !—Be to your  
" dear mother whatever you wish your future  
" children to be to you. Improve every day  
" in the grace and knowlege of our Lord  
" Jesus Christ." — I went to the Reech-  
berg, where I was invited to dine in the  
company of Mr. Rigaud, of Geneva. The  
ladies being busy, and the guests not yet  
arrived, I re-perused the discourse on the  
different kinds of verses, which is printed  
before the fourth volume of Klopstock's  
Messiah. I could not help being angry that  
the greatest poet dishes up before his readers,  
amongst whom one out of a thousand scarcely  
understands any thing of prosody, his refine-  
ments in numbering of syllables. The sub-  
ject itself appeared to me as ridiculous and  
Z 3 trifling,



trifling, as if Raphael had wrote underneath his grand picture of the transfiguration of Christ upon mount Tabor, receipts how to grind colours which would rather be inferior than superior to the common method.— The guests arrived. My not being used to speak French shackled me very much. The more I observed the young gentleman of Geneva, the more amiable he appeared to me. We spoke of *Bonnet*, his *Essay de Psychologie*, his stile, of fatalism, of travelling; of the folly of suffering young men of eighteen or twenty years to travel without tutors; of the gift of observation which Mr. Schinz possesses, of his excellent character, his modesty, and artless civility; of the learned at Geneva, particularly of Mr. Mallet; of the want of taste, with regard to the fine arts and sciences, which prevails there; of the election of ministers of the gospel; of the  
increasing

increasing Deism and Atheism; of the intolerance of the Deists against the Atheists.— I related what I have wrote to-day to Bafedow, in a letter to Wolke. We also spoke of Voltaire, and of L... and D...; of the endeavours of the latter two gentlemen to convert Voltaire to Atheism, and of the fruitless pains they took for a whole night to attain their aim.—It was related that at Paris an Atheist met a beggar, whom he sent away without giving him any thing; but, conceiving by the discontent and blasphemous answer of the beggar, that he likewise was an Atheist, he gave him something, inquired into his circumstances, and maintained him for three months.—The more extraordinary the system of man is, the more he rejoices to find one who thinks like himself.

It was near three o'clock when we parted,

and I felt myself pretty much heated.—I went to Pfenninger; he was not at home; and finding a sermon of Mr. \*\*\* on the table, I read it. - - - - Pf. came.—I observed, I should like to know the reason why so many enlightened men are ashamed of being connected with me, from fear of being suspected of being fanatics, although I dare to say that fanaticism has no enemy more implacable than myself. - - - -

At six o'clock I took a walk to the water with Pf. and his wife. The lake was as smooth as a mirror; the town was covered with a soft darkness; the steeples and country-houses along the lake were still encircled with light; and the sailing vessels seemed to emerge from a dark ground. The chain of snow-mountains was embroidered with silver, and their edges distinctly delineated. The stone bench upon which we were seated

Lan

+ N

was

was surrounded with a luxuriant turf; before us was a nodding corn-field. On our way to this delightful spot, we had been speaking with pleasure of the unknown God; but now our senses were more open to perceive him, and our hearts warmer to feel his presence. We were all displeased with having, in our youthful days, read books that had shut our eyes against nature, which may properly be called the book of books, the text of the Bible. I cannot record all we were speaking of; however, we were truly happy. Pf\*\*\* went home with me. I was told my brother, the doctor, was ill. I went up stairs to him; he was better, but had been attacked violently. He told me, that the Polish clergyman, who had been collecting for a congregation, had proved to be an impostor. It rather struck than vexed me. We spoke of it at supper, when Frankel

was



was present. He related much of the Jewish customs. I had just received a parcel from Frankfort, which contained a new explanation of the Epistle to the Romans. The ardent desire to read it made me forget guests and supper. I know my father does not like me to read while at table—however, I could not help reading a few pages by stealth, while the company were discoursing—He rebuked me gently; I stifled my arising anger, shut the book, and fancied to have made him a great sacrifice. We read the twenty-first chapter of Job, and a penitential hymn of Muentzer, who appears to me not to be the worst composer of hymns, but also not the best. It might cost him but little trouble to be plainer, without detriment to energy. Before I went to bed, I read the translation of the Epistle to the Romans I had received, which indeed not  
entirely

entirely satisfied me, yet much better than all those I had ever seen. The author has studied St. Paul very much, and has language and clearness at his command.

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THURSDAY, June 3, 1773.

I AWOKE at half an hour after five o'clock, and was extremely lazy. My wife roused me: "It is seven years to-day," she said, "that we were married; I should be rejoiced, were I to celebrate this day by my being brought to-bed."—"Yes," replied I, "we will give a little feast to our children to-day, and thus distinguish it." - -

Young

Young Lips, of Cloten, came to shew me his drawings. It would be a great pity, if he should not be supported as much as possible, to be enabled to improve more and more. I made him sit down, and draw, the whole morning (*h*).

Gossip *Affer* came. I wrote to the minister of his village, and sent him a Louis-d'or, which he had collected. I added a few lines to his letter of recommendation, and proved to him how impossible it was to me to do any thing farther on my side.

A poor chalk-seller came: he wanted to be recommended; which I refused, because I did not know him. He appeared much distressed at it; on which I promised to

(*h*) Mr. Lips is, at present, one of the best engravers living; and it is much to Mr. Lavater's honour that he has encouraged this great genius. T.

Young

speak

speak in his behalf to the gentleman who he pretended had given him hopes he would do something for him.

A citizen's wife, whose child had died suddenly (she found it dead in the cradle), and who reproached herself for it, related the accident to me, and seemed to leave me comforted.—I continued my Journal. Some short visits. Against noon a letter from Mr. Str . . . He reproved me in a friendly manner. *Vous vous servez souvent de ces expressions (esprits foibles sans lumière, sans gout, sans liberté) pour marquer ceux, à qui vous ne trouvez pas cette facilité d'admettre comme incontestable tout ce, qui vous paroît si clair (i).* I cannot

(i) You make frequently use of these expressions—(weak minds, without light, without taste, and without liberty)—in order to denote those in whom you do not find the same facility to admit as incontrovertible all what appears so clear to you.

deny the truth of this reproach ; nay, I must confess, that I find it more and more difficult to avoid it, the more I see stubbornness, aversion from instruction, and timidity, united in other people, in order to reject truth. I ought certainly to be more indulgent, and to use more precaution in what I am speaking.

He also mentioned that the Preface to my *Sermons on different Subjects* did not lessen the suspicion entertained against my orthodoxy. I can submit very well to being denied all theological orthodoxy, if they but leave me to the *biblical* orthodoxy. God will never call me to an account for not having thought like *Calvin* and *Athanasius*—because I can see no reasons why I should ascribe to these men a divine authority ; I should, however, be made answerable for my not thinking of Christ and his death as Paul and John did,
because

because I believe to have sufficient reason to ascribe to these men a divine authority. - -

After dinner I was requested to see two sick people. I promised to come. The servant who was sent by one of them spoke very sensibly of the different ways to repentance, of the preaching rage of all those who call themselves *chosen people*, &c. &c.—Some detentions which very near tempted me to grow impatient, because I wanted to have a little pleasure in the company of my wife and children. At length I was at liberty to do it. We went to the apartment where my wife and myself had kneeled down—and slept the first time, and recalled to our memory all the particulars of our wedding-day, running over the seven years which, notwithstanding all our past trials, we had spent so happily. We related to our boy
how

how we had been united, and he listened with great concern, which filled our hearts with pleasure. — — — We fetched all the flowers we could get, strewing some of them on the lap of Nanette, whom I pushed forwards in her little carriage, while Henry, whose hair I adorned with the rest, was drawing the vehicle. Their mother, who is big with child, beheld it with pleasure. I ordered Henry to be dressed in his Sunday's garments, and read to him a little song, which, notwithstanding I had composed it in great hurry, drew a pearly tear of joy from the eyes of the mother and his. — I left this happy circle with reluctance. — Pf. came, and shared in our pleasure. — I paid some visits, took a walk with *Wieland's Mercury*, and spent the evening at Zettweg with Hefs, among relations. We spoke of the *giant* — of travelling — of literary visits — of the juvenile

venile years of Jesus, which Hefs is going to add to his *Life of Christ*—of the almost inconceivable endeavours of almost all the enlightened men, to separate the doctrine of the gospel from Christ—of the unnaturalness of the general zeal to lessen the attachment to Christ, and to extol his precepts particularly (k). Of unenlightened divines;

(k) Whoever has a due regard for the doctrine and precepts of Christ, and is sensible of their value, will also certainly have the highest regard for his person, although he should not have his name constantly on his lips, and perhaps entertain notions of Christ different from those of the generality. How can one honour a *teacher* and *master* more, than by executing his precepts, and obeying his commands? How can one thank a noble and generous *benefactor* and *Saviour* better, than by enjoying the blessings he has bestowed upon us, and by endeavouring to make the best use of them? It was the *work of Christ* to promote amongst men truth, probity, and happiness: whoever imitates him in that with a sincere heart, carries on the work of *Christ*, and promotes his views, although he should, as we think, use the wrong ways and means of doing it. EDITOR.

why Forster touches the heart, notwithstanding all his seeming frigidity and dryness; because one perceives that he is *sure* of his subject, and *contemplates* it. He possesses light, much light—and much light, although directed to one point from a few flat and bright mirrors, produces *warmth*.—Of the new translation of the Epistle to the Romans.

I shewed the biblical prints, which were finished, to my friend and my wife, and related to them the almost inconceivable escape of two thieves who had been strongly fettered. *It is incredible what man can do, if he but will*—if all his intellectual powers, strained by necessity, by pressing necessity, are directed to one point.—I would say to every prisoner, *Thou shalt be free, if thou canst effect thy liberty!* Every effort of human nature ought in some respect to be sacred to man. One of these thieves showed a generosity

which

which we would admire in any other man, and, if our false modesty would permit, praise to our brethren from the pulpit, in imitation of Christ and the apostles, as modern and striking examples of magnanimity. Having broken his fetters with inconceivable pains, burst open the door with incredible strength, he did not yet think of his own escape—but first went to assist his fellow-prisoner, who was in another part of the prison, and so far distant from him, that he could not preconcert matters with him. His associate was more strongly fettered than himself; he found him in the dark, unfastened the bolts and padlocks, broke his four chains, and led him out of prison. But still they had not regained their liberty. The one dragged, with a weary arm, (the other impeded by part of the chains,) a mill-stone to a bench, lifting it upon it, in order to reach a shutter,

which they burst open. Thus they effected their escape. I saw the prison as I passed by, coming from the orphan-house, and examined every thing minutely. I was seized with an astonishment which changed into awe—and almost drew tears from my eye.

FRIDAY, June 4, 1773.

A VERY important day, of which I can record but very little. If I were to relate all the good I have done to-day, one would think me a saint; and yet my conscience tells me, that I have acted rather in a mechanical manner than prompted by sensibility; and if I were to relate all the weaknesses and faults I have been guilty of this day,

day, one would think me to be an hypocrite and a reprobate; and yet my conscience tells me that I am as little an hypocrite as I am a saint; I mean an hypocrite in the common sense of the word. Nevertheless, I think this day to be one of the good and blessed days of my life. To have from morning till night constant opportunities of being useful and giving pleasure, of being instructed and receiving pleasure, and to make a proper use of these opportunities— that I cannot call a bad day—However, I should have spent it better, if I had not yielded so much to my sensuality.

In the morning, a couple who wanted to come over to the reformed church, whom I however was obliged to send away without accepting their offer.—A visit from Mr. Thut, a giant of seven feet and a half, and porter to the Duke of Wirtemberg. He

and his little wife staid with us till after dinner. He appeared to be an honest and modest man, who, though it has become habitual with him to speak piously, and after the scripture, shews nevertheless not the least affectation; pretends to be nothing, and is not like many of the godly of Wirtemberg, who attack the hearts of others in order to question them apostolically about the state of their mind, and intrude themselves as confessors. He is indeed not so enlightened as I could wish, not so *inspired* by Christ as I think a *friend* of Christ ought to be; however, considering his enormous mass of bodily substance, he is possessed of more spirit, sweetness, goodness, knowledge, sensibility, and delicacy, than many of our tender, sentimental gentlemen. It is very remarkable that his parents were very little—that he, in his sixteenth year, was the smallest among
twenty

twenty young men who were confirmed with him—so little that the clergyman hesitated to admit him to the Lord's supper. He was nursed up with milk, and bread and butter, and grew every year between three and four inches. Many children from the neighbourhood, and other people, came to see him. This seemed neither to make him proud nor to offend him. He was obliging to every one, rose kindly up, and took the children tenderly in his arms, saying always something pleasing to them, in a simple, unrestrained manner.—I wrote, meanwhile, some letters which he was to take with him—to Mr. Clemm—and to Messrs. Hartmann, father and son.—After dinner, I corrected a sheet of my Sermons on Jonas, which gave me pleasure while reading it, because I flattered myself it would afford consolation to many of my readers.—I received a note from a female friend, dressed myself, and

paid a short visit. Of the new translation of the Epistle to the Romans, of Zimmerman's book on Solitude, of my wife. From thence I went to Pf. . . . read in Wieland's Mercury with great benefit and pleasure, particularly the treatise on the book of Herder, which carried the prize. . . . Then I compared the 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters of the Epistle to the Romans with the new translation, which I now found very flat in some places.

SATURDAY, June 5, 1773.

EXPECTING that my wife would be brought to-bed to-day or to-morrow, I had begged Pf. . . . to preach for me to-morrow evening.

evening. I therefore intended to answer some letters, and particularly that of Hasencamp. I did it with great cheerfulness; and, amongst others, wrote to Stroehlin:—

“Your admonitions I received with the
“greatest gratitude; and I cannot but confess,
“that I am frequently too quick in
“talking, and very often too precipitate—
“that I am too hasty in pronouncing the
“words *stubbornness, confused, and tasteless*—”

“O my dear friend, one exclaims to me from
“all sides, *not too quick*; and I exclaim, on
“all sides, *not too hasty*! I will proceed
“slower, if you will promise me to proceed
“faster!”

To Hasencamp, amongst others:—“Bro-
“ther, and brethren, do not *stun* me, but
“give me *light* and *arguments*. I will submit
“to the word of God every thing, even
“my favourite opinions; however, I will not
“be

“be refuted by groans and sighs, but by
“arguments. *Thou*, therefore, wilt not sigh
“and fret about me, nor bemoan my *thought-*
“*lessness*—for that is, in virtue of the magical
“power of self-conceit, the common way
“of all the ignorant promoters of the most
“irreligious notions—but thou wilt, on the
“contrary, lay before me clear arguments,
“drawn from the source of light - - - - -
“O ye dear souls! why would ye, by your
“admonitions and sighs, assail me, with all
“the power of tender anxiety, in order to
“prevail upon me to give up my filial sen-
“timents, and give me, in lieu of it, your
“spirit of fear? Dear Hasencamp, dear
“Peter, and Samuel, and John, and what-
“ever may be your names, ye dear, anxious,
“fraternal souls, give me leave to smile when
“I reflect upon you; let me smile tenderly,
“kindly, and inquisitively, when you are
“going

“ going to weaken my sentiments by your
“ doubts, to darken my clear notions of the
“ gospel, which is not fettered by rules, and
“ truly Jew-like endeavour to deprive me of
“ my liberty, which Christ gave me, or at
“ least to confine it. I am not watching for
“ lightnings and impulses to do this or that
“ great deed. I obey my moral sentiments—
“ the gospel, and Providence ; that is, I be-
“ lieve in God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
“ But forgive me ! I fear you do not yet
“ comprehend this.

“ *Not too quick !* my wife calls to me at
“ every meal—*Not too quick !* calls Mr. Stroëh-
“ lin of Bern to me—*Not too quick !* calls to
“ me a dear society at Duisburg. I will
“ listen to you, good folks ! I will suffer you
“ to render me more cautious ; but I will
“ not cringe ;—I will rather soar aloft, and
“ be able to sink down, than not to be able
“ to

“ to sink down, and to—*cringe*. Indeed, I
“ am well aware that my letters, which I
“ could not pen in the least with more timi-
“ dity, in order to obtain your applause by
“ surreptitious means, will not impart to you
“ my *sense for liberty* (though I make myself
“ every body’s servant). However, if we
“ could converse with each other for a few
“ months, then we should impart to one
“ another, by way of exchange, each other’s
“ good qualities; and many things which
“ now glitter, though they are not gold,
“ would be polished away on both sides.

“ Prayers for wisdom and illumination are
“ almost the only, at least the principal, sup-
“ plications I offer to God; and Providence
“ grants them, for the most part, through
“ the gospel or men. I do not pray for this
“ or that miraculous gift; I train myself to
“ submit all, even the most god-like inclina-
“ tions,

“ tions, to the words of *Christ*; for they
 “ have more weight with me than the words
 “ of the apostles, because the latter address
 “ themselves principally to Jews and Hea-
 “ thens, but Christ speaks more to man (1).
 “ Yet

(1) Christ always addressed himself chiefly and principally to *that* man, or *those* men, whom he saw before him; and with *these* men he was obliged to converse in *their* language, according to their notions and manner of thinking, to their wants and circumstances, the nature and degree of *their* knowledge of philosophical and religious matters, if he wished to be understood by them, to adapt his doctrine to their system of thinking, and thus to lead them to piety and salvation. We therefore *must* learn to distinguish, in his instructions, what is said to all men from what is said to individuals, with relation to time, persons, and circumstances, and not mix both together; we *must* pay more regard to the subjects, than to the words and expressions of his discourses. The former are eternal, unalterable truths; the latter are always adapted to the changing exigencies of time and circumstances. If God *at present* were to speak to us through Christ, or other messengers enlightened and authorized by him, he would indeed tell us the *same truth*; however, he would, very probably,

"Yet not so, that I should oppose the word
"of the apostles, or, which is the same,
"Christ to Christ. One cannot take too
"much precaution, if one will not be mis-
"taken by you, ye dear souls--You have
"(I say it without rancour) a very unhappy
"gift of being rendered apprehensive by
"the least trifle, and can't put yourself suf-
"ficiently in my situation; for I can spare
"no time to be more explicit, and I prefer
"to give you seeds to giving fruits. Once
"for all, I must repeat it, *You mistake my*
"*principles entirely.*

probably, speak in a *manner* entirely different as to *ex-
pressions*, and the *manner of representing it*. Do not take
offence at this idea, which may appear novel to thee,
Christian reader. I have added it, not from contempt
of scripture, which I, as well as thyself, esteem an ex-
ceeding precious gift of God, but in order to exercise thy
Christian meditation, and to promote the stability of true
Christian faith. EDITOR.

" Have

“ Have you seen my hymn, which I daily
“ wish to pray with you, and which always
“ gives me so much heavenly pleasure? It
“ seems you have not yet received my Ser-
“ mons on Jonas, else you would certainly
“ not be uneasy on my account, with respect
“ to several points which, at present, make
“ you fear so much for me.—Yet, I cannot
“ remember that I have done the devil the
“ honour once, in these fourteen Sermons, to
“ mention his name—and this, perhaps, ap-
“ pears *suspicious* to you. Well, if you are
“ *weak*, you may eat greens, and I will
“ never touch a *morsel of meat*, if, in a scrip-
“ tural sense, it should give *offence* to you.
“ If you cannot bear this innocent joke—
“ dear brother—then I will take care not
“ to repeat it *for your sake*, out of love for
“ you, and think like St. Paul:

“ *We ought to be guided by our duty, and not*

“ *by*

"by our inclinations; that is, by our moral sense,
 "and not by what is most pleasing to us.

"Herein I am entirely of your opinion."

"Abstain for some time from thy favourite oc-
 "cupations, though ever so good and useful, and
 "examine whether thou canst not find out some-
 "thing which for the present may be more neces-
 "sary, or at least equally useful, to which,
 "however, thou art not, at least, much inclined."

I will examine this advice of your's, by way
 of applying it to my heart and my situation.
 One of my favourite occupations is *preach-*
ing; writing letters which enlighten, warn,
 and please; *visiting friends*; *assisting the poor*,
 who inform me of their distress, &c. &c.—
 these have, as yet, been my favourite occupa-
 tions. Is not this expelling imaginary *Idol*
Devotion (m) by a real one?—Yet I must con-

(m) Self-created religion; artificial worship of God.

fess, that it is a very good maxim, *Of many things which thou must perform, take that first in hand which goes most against thee.*—Greet the dear soul, Mrs. L... who has adopted that maxim.

The apostolical dignity is different from ours. Very true; however, we must endeavour to resemble them as much as possible; that is, *to glorify Christ through life and death.*

These notions of God's order and rights, which I am destitute of, I beg you will transmit to me in your next letter, and put to my account: I shall keep what will suit me; what not, I'll send back.

True humility is—not to pretend to what I do not possess—and to look upon all what I possess as received, as a gift of the divine grace; and to serve my neighbour as I serve my Lord—
What is false humility?—To pretend to what one does not possess—to declare what one possesses to be a gift of the divine mercy, and neverthe-

less to be so vain as if one had received nothing; or to cringe, and to flatter, when one ought to be a FRATENAL servant? Dear brother, wherein consists the false humility to which the devil seeks to seduce me?—Dear brother, let us pray!

Nothing but thy holy Spirit
Does thy child, O God, desire;
Then my path will lead to blessing;
Safe, and boldly, and with speed,
Shall I on my path proceed.—

Have you read the Letter of the Pastor at *** to the Pastor at ***?—Oh! read it! read it!

After dinner, I read a manuscript, composed by a female friend. I found it very instructive—met with many just remarks which struck, ashamed, and pleased me—on my indifference with regard to the opinion which the world entertains of me.—I

shall

shall be obliged to grow every day more indifferent, the more I perceive how very few of the great number of censurers reflect coolly and without passion; how little they care for giving me an attentive and *impartial* hearing; how little they care for *observation*; and how few take the pains, or think it naturally just, to put themselves in my situation;—how impossible I should find it to act right, if I always would ask only fix *enlightened* men, what I am to do? how much they would contradict each other in advising me, and perhaps none of them would advise me to do what would be best and fittest for my person, my character, my situation, and my taste; the more I perceive how partial those *censurers* are who are near me, how anxious they are with regard to other clamorous censurers—how my *distant* censurers are in want of a sufficient number of facts to found a just judgement upon.—

For

For that reason I shall indeed—submit to all censures, and endeavour to hear patiently, and to make honestly the best use of whatever may be said;—but, nevertheless, I must have my own *balance*—and a *self-subsistency* entirely independent on all censures of the world; I must be careful to act honestly and laudably, not only before the Lord, but also before men:—As for the rest—I must patiently wait till it shall please the divine providence of my heavenly Father to unfold to my friends and enemies, in due time, what appears to them mysterious in me; wait till the eternal Truth and Love, who will make known my deserts, and amend and forgive my errors, shall *decide*.

I fell asleep, amid good sentiments, replete with serenity and gratitude, and uttering the important sigh, “*Let me awake before I fall asleep, and live before I die!*”

FINIS.



